The Beaver

SPRING 1968

THE UNCHANGED STANDARD: "choice goods as can be bought for money"

"You are to send us home by every return of our Ships all such goods as are either defective or not acceptable to the Natives, and to inform us wherein they are deficient And also to direct us exactly as you can of what form, quality & conditions every sort of goods wch. is demanded there ought to be for the best satisfaction of the Indians, And wee will do our utmost that you shall be supplied with. every species of Commodity in perfection."

LETTER TO GOVERNOR NIXON FROM THE GOVERNOR AND COMMITTEE, LONDON, MAY 21, 1682

Hudson's Bay Company
INCORPORATED 2ND MAY 1670

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The Beaver

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Owlyoot of Ennadai Lake boils tea-water and roasts two nerukak (second stomachs) of caribou while the legs are being scorched beside the camp fire.

Photo by Geert van den Steenhoven, 1955

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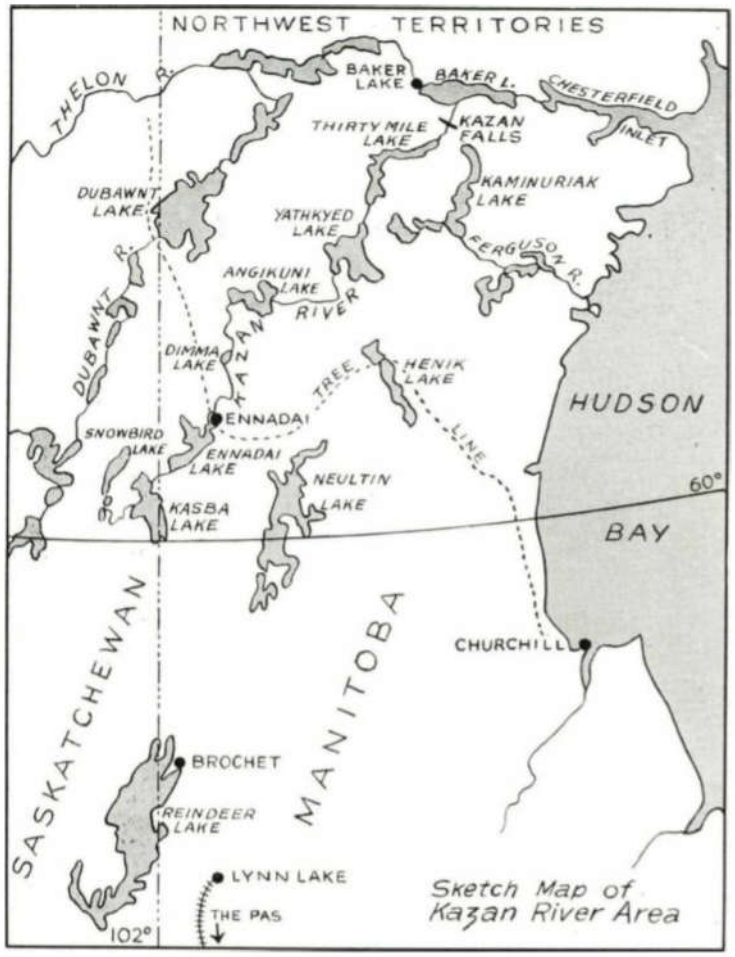


INUIT KU

THE RIVER OF MEN

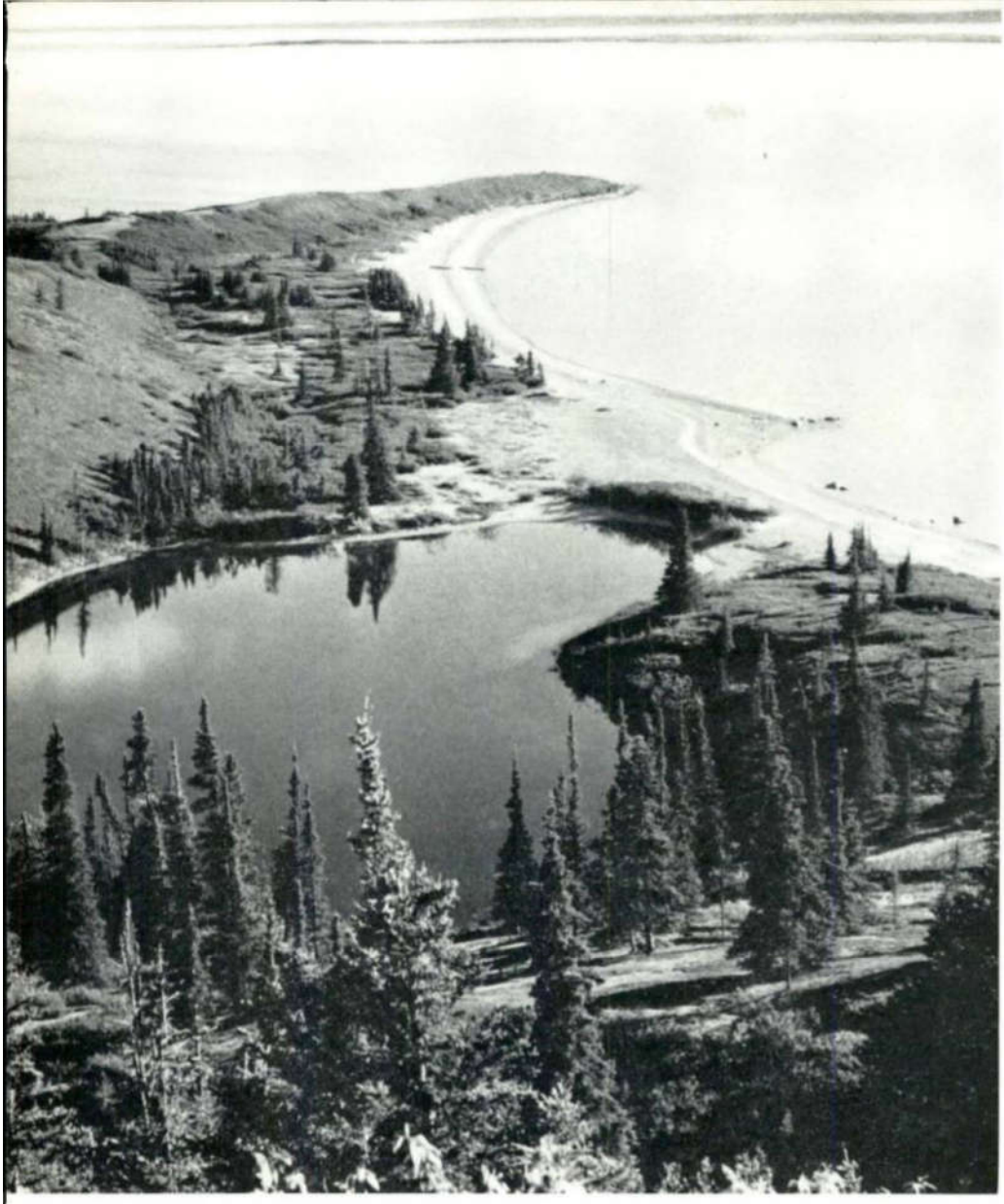
By John W. Lentz

The author is a loan officer with the Export-Import Bank in Washington, D.C. During summer leaves he has canoed five Canadian subarctic rivers, besides the Kazan, the Back, Kaniapiskau, Rupert, and South Nahanni. Photographs by John Lentz except where credited.

CRANBERRY PORTAGE, Pawistik, Pukatawagan: our train passed innumerable small settlements before it rolled into Lynn Lake in northern Manitoba well after midnight. As we checked canoes and equipment on the siding, a chill in the summer air told us that here was the North. The next day passed in a hectic blur of last minute purchases, letters home, and loading our outfit on Chuipka Airways' PBY for the flight to Snowbird Lake, the source of the principal branch of the Kazan River. We would follow this branch, then the Kazan itself for over 600 miles to Baker Lake and tidewater. The river appears on the white man's maps as the Kazan, but we favoured the Eskimo name—Inuit Ku—The River of Men.

We could not locate another expedition that had negotiated the river's length, although many have journeyed on portions of the Kazan. Recorded travel began in 1894 when Dr J. B. Tyrrell surveyed the river from Kasba to well beyond Yathkyed Lake. Tyrrell also catalogued the mineral resources of this then unknown region for the Geological Survey of Canada, and his report formed a basis for today's airborne, instrument oriented prospecting. Next to travel the Kazan was the eminent Danish sociologist, Kaj Birket-Smith. Participating in a Danish Government expedition to study the Canadian Eskimo, he traversed the river in 1922 from Yathkyed Lake to the Baker Lake post. With the journals of Birket-Smith and Tyrrell a complete description of the river at last was available. Four years later Captain Thierry Mallet of Revillon Frères pushed north from The Pas to reach Kasba Lake in mid-June (see *The Beaver*, March 1950). With a veteran party, including an Eskimo guide, Mallet hoped to run all the way to Baker Lake. This was not to be. Frustrated and delayed by ice, he was finally stopped by a solid white mass on Yathkyed Lake. Yathkyed is the Chipewyan name; more appropriate to Mallet was that used by the Eskimos—Hikoligjuaq or great ice-filled one.

In 1930 Dr A. E. Porsild, now Chief Botanist at the National Museum of Canada, travelled the route from Yathkyed to Baker Lake taken by Birket-Smith eight years before. Porsild researched the area with a view to its possibilities for domesticated reindeer pasture, concluding that the sparse vegetation would sustain only summer grazing. Post-war visitors to the region include naturalist Francis Harper whose 1947 studies of Eskimo,



An esker trailing into Kasba Lake towers above our camp.

animal, and plant life were of absorbing interest as delineations of the area through which we would travel. Our purpose was to experience the land; and, in a more scientific vein, to investigate the abandoned Eskimo camps along the Kazan. A report on our investigations, together with the artifacts recovered, has been submitted to the National Museum of Canada.

Snowbird Lake was a sheet of glass as our PBY ripped its surface, then ploughed to a halt at 7 p.m. on 6 July 1966. Paddling away from the plane, we experienced an exhilaration at being liberated from traffic, timetables, telephones, and other trappings of civilization. Stew Coffin and Norm Wight, veteran New England canoeists, were in Stew's 17-foot fibreglass canoe specially made by him for the trip; Bill Malkmus and I travelled in a rugged 18-foot aluminum workhorse. Although Bill had been paddling for only a few months, his early comment, "I could be a tiger at this" proved no exaggeration. My contribution to the group was some experience gained in canoeing the Back and the South Nahanni Rivers, both major streams in the Northwest Territories.

From Snowbird to Kasba Lake the river followed a twisting hundred mile course with moderate rapids or riffles connecting a series of intricate lake expansions. The gently rolling country was mantled by a white spruce and tamarack forest except for some bare hilltops where only tundra vegetation existed, a hint of things to come. Hints were more apparent as we entered Kasba Lake on our fourth day. Hardly a tree grew on the many islands dotting this immense lake, while the water temperature dropped five degrees from a surprisingly warm 57-degree reading taken in Snowbird Lake. Windbound on the west shore of Kasba Lake next day, we practiced the northern equivalent of "make hay while

Walking the canoe down rapids between Snowbird and Kasba Lakes.

the sun shines"—travel when weather permits. A crossing was negotiated in the late afternoon, and with almost 24 hours of daylight we could have pushed farther had not a magnificent esker-dominated campsite beckoned.

Where it drains Kasba Lake the Kazan is about one hundred yards wide, with a current estimated by Stew at four miles an hour. Its size was apparent from the throaty roar of our first major rapid. No riffle to be run "down the V" in loaded canoes, it required careful walking or letting down beside the steep branch-entangled bank. Beyond this initial obstacle the Kazan seemed to welcome us, for easy rapids alternated with the powerful current, ducks and geese scurried ahead of our canoes, while grayling and lake trout could be taken at the first or second cast. When we entered Ennadai Lake next morning, our surroundings changed within a few short miles. First only the distant hilltops were barren, but then, as though by an unseen hand, the trees were swept away. We seemed to have crossed a literal "tree-line"; although stragglers would continue another 200 miles to Yathkyed Lake, our little party had now entered the Barren Lands. Emotions ranged from a poetic acceptance of new challenge to the more practical, "How the devil will we cook supper?".

Initially, supper was no problem as we dined at the Department of Transport's Ennadai Aeradio Station. This five man outpost transmits hourly weather reports to Churchill and serves as a fuelling stop for aircraft crossing the barrens. Their serene routine was disrupted, however, by recent events—events which marked the end of the local inland or Caribou Eskimos as a people. The tree line at Ennadai Lake defined the general northern limit of Chipewyan hunting grounds and the southern terminus of those claimed by the Caribou Eskimos. Numerous in the time of Tyrrell and Mallet, this Eskimo band has now virtually passed from existence. Their reliance on the barren ground caribou for food, clothing, and summer shelter always brought some uncertainty to daily life, since a hunter might be unlucky enough to miss the animals in their migratory treks. Such uncertainty, together with the utterly inhospitable winter climate, placed a limit on supportable population. Given this delicate natural balance, the introduction of a disturbing influence—firearms—was bound to affect both man and beast. Substitution of repeating rifles for spears, bows, and arrows brought a few years of plenty then, as the great herds dwindled, destitution.

By 1957, years of slow starvation had brought "the People" to their knees. Camped around the Ennadai post that spring, the few score survivors fought over the cook's garbage. On their Inuit Ku—The River of Men—there were no more men, only graves of men. The Government could not bring back tuktu, the caribou, but it could try, however difficult it might be, to offer the People another life. Now resettled at Baker Lake and in coastal posts along Hudson Bay, the Caribou Eskimos have traded their traditional wandering life for the white man's work or the white man's welfare. Of late, craft programs, commercial enterprises such as the fish cannery at Rankin Inlet, and summer tourist guiding have created new job opportunities and with them that most important ingredient—hope.

Leaving Ennadai Lake, we soon became aware of the former presence of the People. While windbound one afternoon, we scouted our surroundings and found wooden sled runners, staking pegs, and half a kayak paddle. Crossing the river next morning, we located the camp of Kopanuak, visited by Tyrrell in 1894, the remains of which were marked by a litter of caribou bones in and beside the river. Through a rapid, around a wide bend, and we entered Dimma Lake where on a

small island I noticed an unusual vertical protrusion. On investigation it proved to be an elaborate, almost untouched Eskimo grave. We did not disturb the 20-foot cedar strip boat presumed to cover the body, but only made an inventory of the surrounding possessions. Including an outboard motor, medicine bottles, and numerous elegant caribou racks, they testified to the wealth and hunting prowess of the deceased. A pilot later told us that this is the grave of Kakoot, an Eskimo who accompanied Mallet on his 1926 descent of the Kazan, although this assertion has never been verified.

This was indeed caribou country. During the next two days approaching Angikuni Lake we sighted ten single animals. In the heat of mid-summer those remnants of the great barren ground herds were far to the north; the animals we observed presented a ragged, moth-eaten appearance. To our regret, no herds were seen throughout our trip. Our entrance to Angikuni or Great Lake was unheralded in contrast with Tyrrell's, whose two canoes were soon surrounded by twenty-three Eskimo kayaks. Digging hard against constant headwinds on Angikuni, we were not unhappy to pause for examination of more tent rings, caribou meat caches, graves, and that Eskimo calling card, the "I-have-been-here", inukshuk or stone man. Our 18-foot aluminum canoe proved equal to all but the most driving winds; Stew kept pace in his fibreglass canoe by attaching an ingenious, easily portable fabric deck.

T. MALLET

Left: Ennadai Lake at the tree line with stunted spruce growing near the shore.

Above: Two of Thierry Mallet's party camped on the Kazan below Ennadai Lake in 1926, with their friend Kakoot at left.

Right: Stew Coffin resting on part of the boat that covered an Eskimo grave at Dimma Lake alleged to be that of Kakoot.

Flowing due east from Angikuni Lake, the Kazan with its vigorous current and small calm expanses held few surprises until, looking for an evening campsite, we strained forward to hear a roar like a freight-train and see the river drop away. Our site was almost idyllic as a varicoloured sunset made the sharp twenty-foot pitch reflect dancing hues of yellow, red, and gold. We lost little time consuming a vat of spaghetti. Then, turning to more creative pursuits, we devoted the evening to photography.

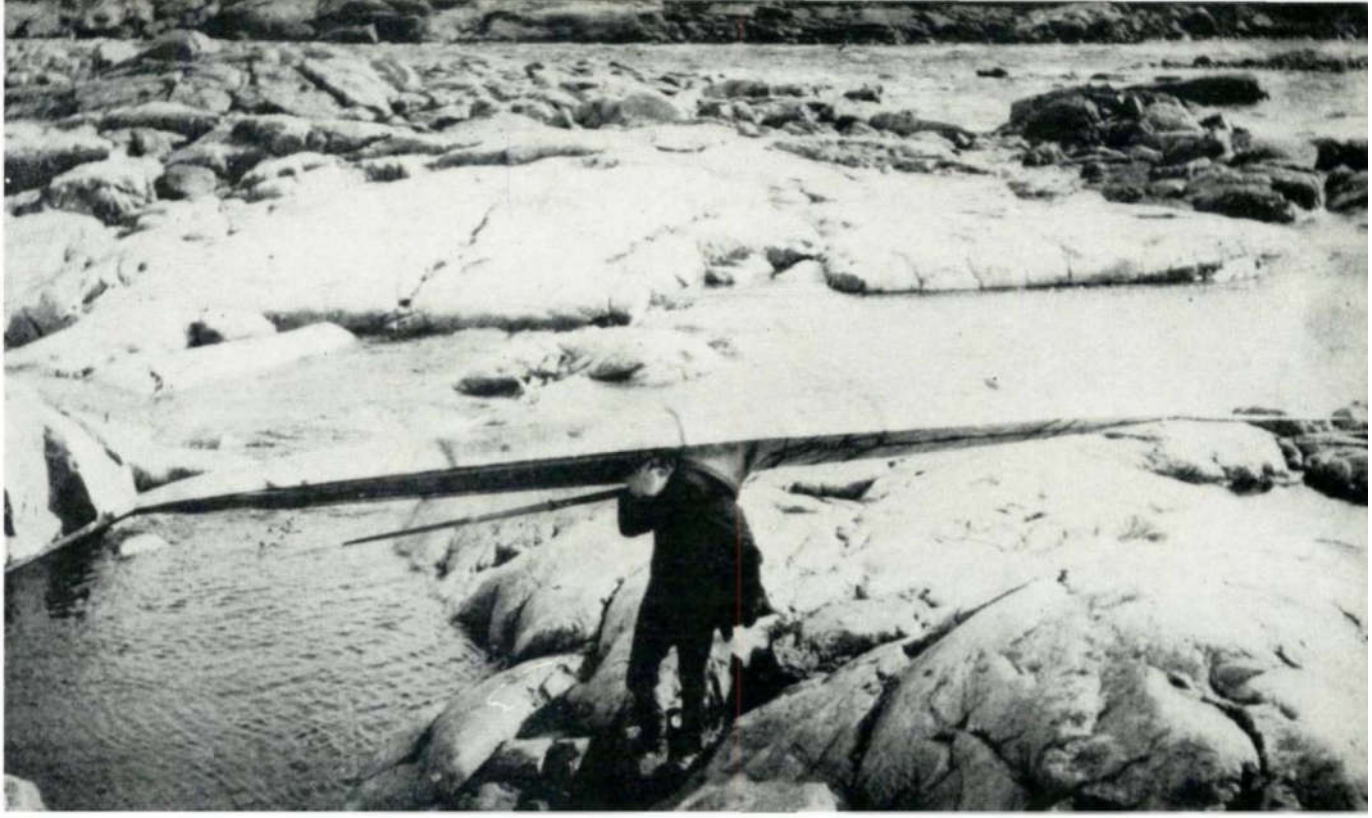
Next morning travel commenced with a short portage round the falls at our campsite. A scant half mile later it was necessary to portage again past a thundering little Niagara. Dozens of gulls nesting on a rocky foam-dashed island in midstream watched curiously as we laboured with canoe and pack. Putting in below the falls, we faced more than a mile of dangerous heavy water confined between steep canyon walls. With the bank never more than a few feet away, we alternately walked or lined the canoes until another sharp drop dictated our third portage of the morning. The River of Men continued untamed as our afternoon was spent running an almost continuous twenty-mile rapid. Scouting ahead, dodging boulders, finding the V, we were now in our element as whitewater canoeists.

Approaching Yathkyed Lake next afternoon, we paddled by a small grove of tamarack and black spruce, noted by Tyrrell and ourselves as last woods. It is usually possible to camp most anywhere in the barrens, but today we probed the north shore for a long peninsula. There in a rock-weighted gas drum was our food cache landed by one of Chuipka's pilots almost a month ago. Caching food on such trips has been described as "camping with room service". We make no apologies, however, considering it an improvement over hunger or hunting for scarce and protected game. Room service yielded a bountiful supply of groceries and we proposed to celebrate

Lining down a turbulent stretch of river after leaving Angikuni Lake.
Left: Camp on Yathkyed Lake. Vegetation ends abruptly at the ice line.
Bottom: An inukshuk marks the former Eskimo encampment above Yathkyed Lake.
Right: One of Tyrrell's Eskimo guides in 1894 portaging his inland kayak between Angikuni and Yathkyed Lakes.

with another spaghetti feast. Walking inland to gather willow branches for our fire, we soon lost interest in suppertime preparations, for behind this slender rocky finger lay an area of many acres containing the remains of a major Eskimo encampment. Stone tent rings and meat caches abounded, caribou bones blanketed the tundra, while a unique many-tiered stone man prominently marked the spot. Tyrrell described it as "a place called by the Eskimos Palelluah, where the river is deep and narrow, and the caribou, in their migrations, regularly swim across the stream. It is probable that this is where Samuel Hearne crossed the Kazan River above Yathkyed Lake in 1770 at a point called by him Cathawhachaga, and which he describes as a celebrated deer crossing place." And so our talk that night was of Tyrrell and Hearne, of the coming and going of the deer, and the coming and going of the People.

Yathkyed Lake jolted us out of our reverie. A stiff northwest wind meant hard work at the paddles and abated just long enough for a decision to cross a four mile stretch of open water. Half way over it picked up again, whitecaps flecked the surface, and in an exhausting crawl we took an hour to cover the last mile. There were few regrets as we departed Yathkyed Lake next day to rejoin the Kazan. Vegetation such as the arctic willow and ground birch, absent on the sterile lake shore, reappeared; while ducks, geese, and the raucous loon again frolicked before our canoes. Bill even remarked at the "forest of necks" preceding us downriver. That



J. B. TYRRELL

afternoon we passed a small bay from which Tyrrell left the Kazan on 1 September 1894, pushing east to Hudson Bay via the Ferguson River. Tyrrell could have reached Baker Lake, but he had paddled its length the previous year after a descent of the Dubawnt and by September it was time for any canoeist to leave the country.

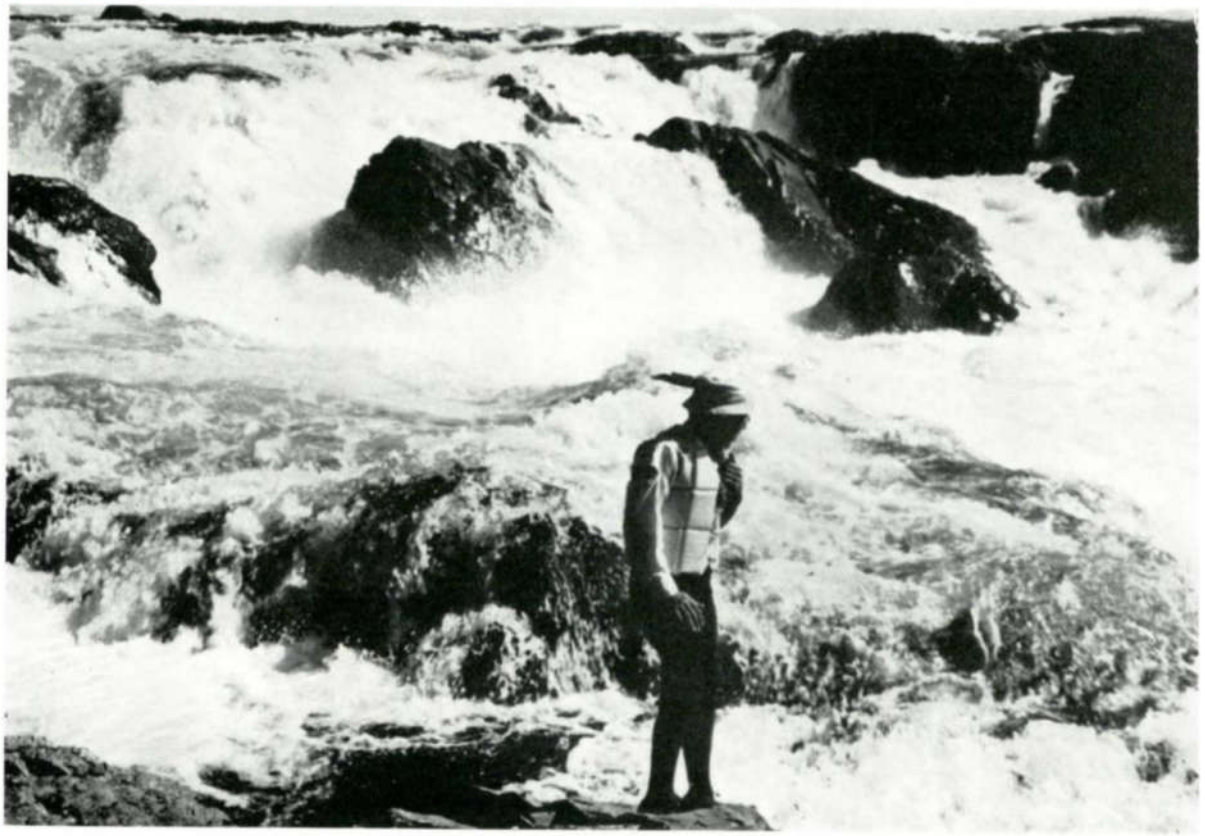
Now consulting the accounts of Birket-Smith and Porsild, we camped one evening between two prominent hills at the top of a great widening or broad. Birket-Smith referred to the site in the Eskimo dialect as Tuglerutik—the two eardrops. Its significance as an important caribou crossing was evident from the tent rings in the area, including an unusual rectangular "ring"; as well as an arched stone look-out post on the hilltop, the interior of which contained rusted tea and tobacco tins. Another interesting feature was a series of raised beach lines along the hill opposite our camp. These beaches, often more than a hundred feet above the present water level, were a common occurrence. Their origins can be traced to Pleistocene times, when a vast glacial ice sheet covered the region. As the ice retreated, the sea swept far inland, only to fall back in turn from the gradually rising land to the present shore of Hudson Bay. During this inundation, the sea reworked the area depositing marine fossils and creating numerous beach lines.

Next morning we should have remained windbound in camp, but since tailwinds had been a rarity we decided to take advantage of any that might appear. While I paddled easily in the bow of the aluminum canoe, sternman Norm was forever active steering or bailing. With his deck secured, Stew's canoe was watertight, although its lighter weight made for more difficult control. Both canoes hurtled along about 200 yards from shore which, flat and monotonous, offered little protection. Once nearing the shore Stew rode up on a wave, but instead of descending into the trough he was held on its foaming crest. Accelerating, then planing with a mighty "whoosh", the canoe shot forward. Stew instinctively yelled, "Slow it down". Luckily, Bill was powerless to act until the curler broke on the beach; a hurried stroke might have rolled their boat. If our twenty miles of wind-assisted progress that morning was a record, the afternoon in which we managed to lose our way was similarly one for the books. Dragging up a rock infested creek in an attempt to locate a short cut, we were discouraged when the creek petered out and a light, chilling rain began. Camp was pitched within a quarter mile of our lunch site.

Returning to the Kazan, we found sporty runnable rapids alternating with long stretches of most helpful current. After entering Thirty Mile Lake another large Eskimo camp on the south shore was investigated. The reason for its location was again clear as we observed a caribou swimming towards us while we were examining the area. Artifacts collected included stone scrapers, a bone needle, and a huge souvenir caribou rack which was soon, I am glad to say, abandoned. Thirty Mile was loaded with lake trout. Despite the warm 55-degree water, we caught many just below the surface. The rapid

Running the rapids which extend for a mile above Kazan Falls, and the falls themselves, a cascade of some forty feet.

Opposite page: Beginning the run through the canyon below Kazan Falls; packs were portaged on a gully-cut path.



at its outlet compelled us to pull everything from our bag of tricks: we shot, lined, let down, and portaged all in the space of half a mile.

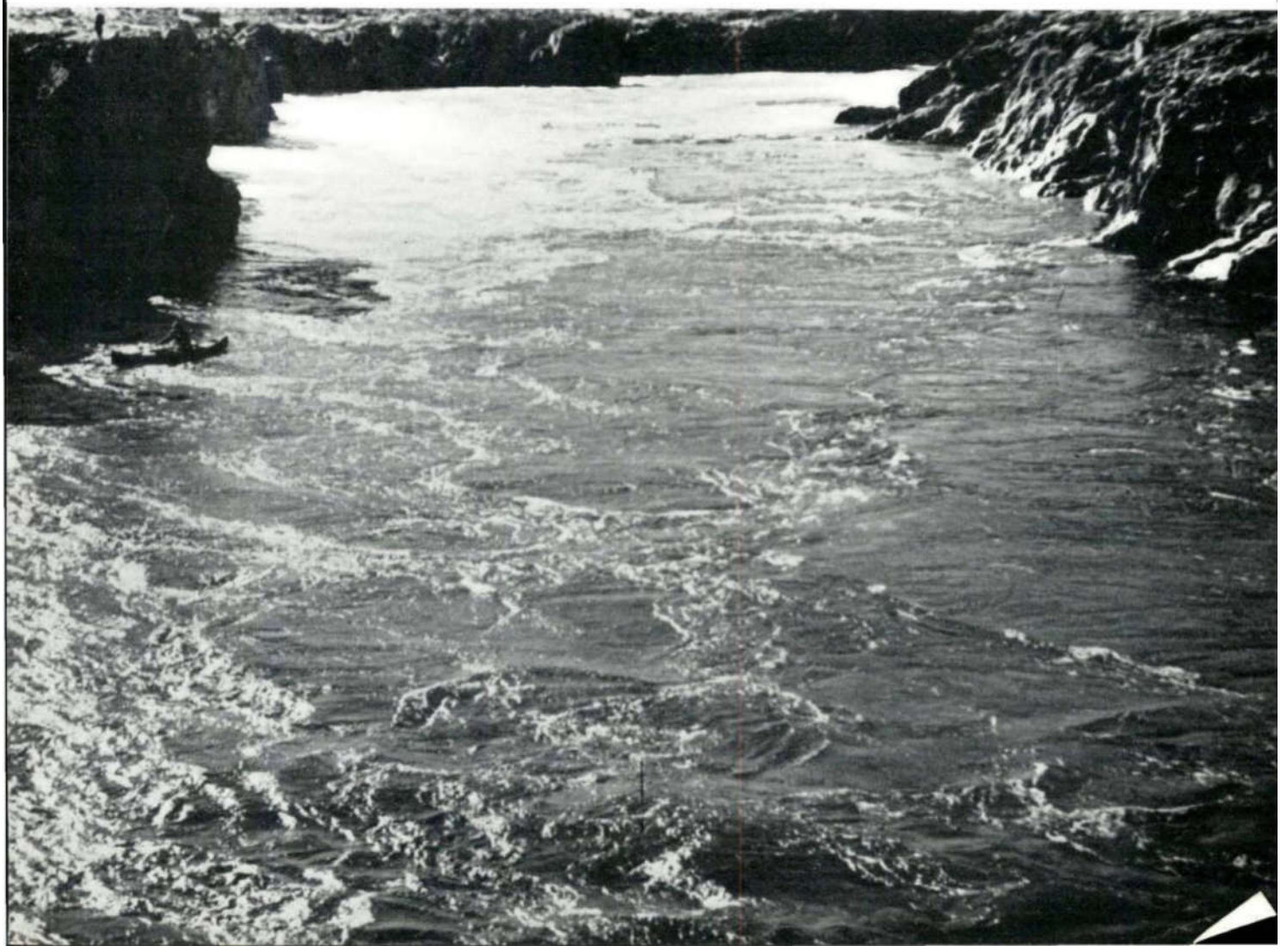
That evening our judgement was again tested. Kazan Falls is preceded by a mile of gradually worsening rapids in which a mistake would have produced most unhappy consequences. Running the upper half in gathering dusk, we held to the shore and scouted ahead every hundred yards. Camp brought us within sight of a misty spiral hovering over the falls. Next day was devoted to exploring the wonder of our surroundings. Kazan Falls itself is a rocky cascade of some forty feet; however, including the rapids above and the seething gorge below, the river descends a total of 100 feet within two miles. Directly below the fall line, the Kazan narrows to forty or fifty feet. Confined between canyon walls of the same height, it boils, heaves, and thunders as water gone mad. Terns, gulls, and even a pair of peregrine falcons were nesting

in the rugged heights: the falcons, screaming overhead with talons bared, deterred a close approach to their eyrie and young. We portaged our packs on a winding gully-cut path round the canyon. Stew, not wishing to labour more than necessary, executed a perfect solo run with both canoes through its lower half. No calm pond awaited us at the bottom, for the river from the falls to its mouth at Baker Lake was incessant heavy current with a rapid around every bend. Here red sandstone formations were a colourful change from the dull-hued till and gneiss upstream. Most interesting was a group of carefully erected sandstone cairns located, together with Eskimo tent rings, a few miles below the canyon. Approximately five feet high and of solid construction, they were never intended to contain meat, but may have served as part of a wall or fence to guide migrating caribou into a narrow section of the river where hunters could set upon them.

Our final night on the Kazan was spent within sight of Baker Lake. Opposed by constant headwinds, we paddled along its western shore to beach our canoes two days later at the Baker Lake post. A warm northern welcome awaited us not only from the permanent residents of the settlement, but also from a party of Princeton students who had recently completed a descent of the Dubawnt River.

We passed three days at Baker Lake, just time enough to sample life at the post. Originally established in 1915 as a Royal North West Mounted Police, (later R.C.M.P.) base to search for the murderers of two white travellers, it later became a site for trading companies which followed to barter with Eskimos for pelts of the white fox. When the People were on the land Baker Lake served as a lonely trading post: however, in the last decade an influx of Eskimos and government officials has increased the population to 600 and created the largest settlement in the interior of Canada's vast barren grounds. Scheduled plane service, radiotelephone facilities, and booming record sales at the store have created a distinctly civilized atmosphere.

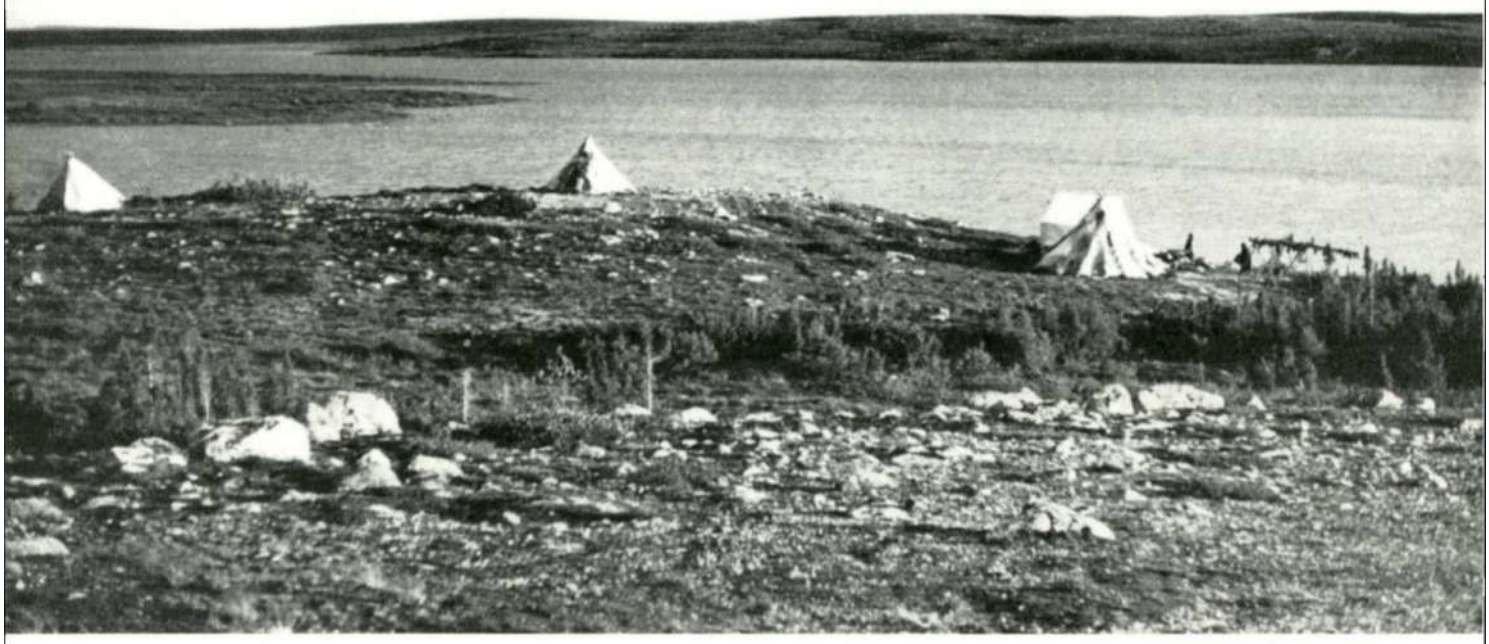
No longer do these men urge their kayaks through icy waters, no longer do the women serve boiled caribou tongues to mark a successful hunt. The River of Men is now silent. The People have left their land, their lakes, their rivers for a new life—a life that is bringing them into the twentieth century. ◆



ENNADAI LAKE PEOPLE 1955

BY GEERT VAN DEN STEENHOVEN

Dr van den Steenhoven who is on the staff of the faculties of law and social sciences at the Catholic University, Nijmegen, Holland, received his M.A. in anthropology at the University of Toronto; he has done field work in the Canadian Arctic at Ennadai Lake and Pelly Bay. His doctoral thesis was on the subject of Leadership and Law among the Eskimos of the Keewatin District.



ALL PHOTOS EXCEPT ONE BY THE AUTHOR

After having spent, as a student of law and anthropology in his first field period, five weeks among the Padlermiut in their Eskimo Point summer camp, I went in August 1955 to Ennadai Lake, where the staff of the radio station kindly helped me to move to Owlyoot's camp on the lake's northeast shore. There I made my first acquaintance with life on the Barren Grounds. Without interpreter, I was helpless and, except for food and shelter, I was altogether dependent upon the goodwill of my hosts, among whom I was to spend the next six weeks.

These Ahiarmiut hunters of caribou were true inland nomads, many of whom had never smelt salt water or seen a white men's settlement other than the lonely radio station; and rarely, if ever, had seen a missionary.

The following notes are taken from my diary and start at the moment of arrival, in the radio station's boat, at Owlyoot's camp. Short additions, which I made upon my return from the field, are placed between brackets. The names Earl and George refer, respectively, to an officer of the station and to the staff-writer in the *Life Magazine* field party, which part of the period had its base in our camp.

It should be borne in mind that some time after 1955 these Eskimos were made to move to the region of Henik Lake, a displacement which led to catastrophe and to the end of their existence as a Barren Grounds band.

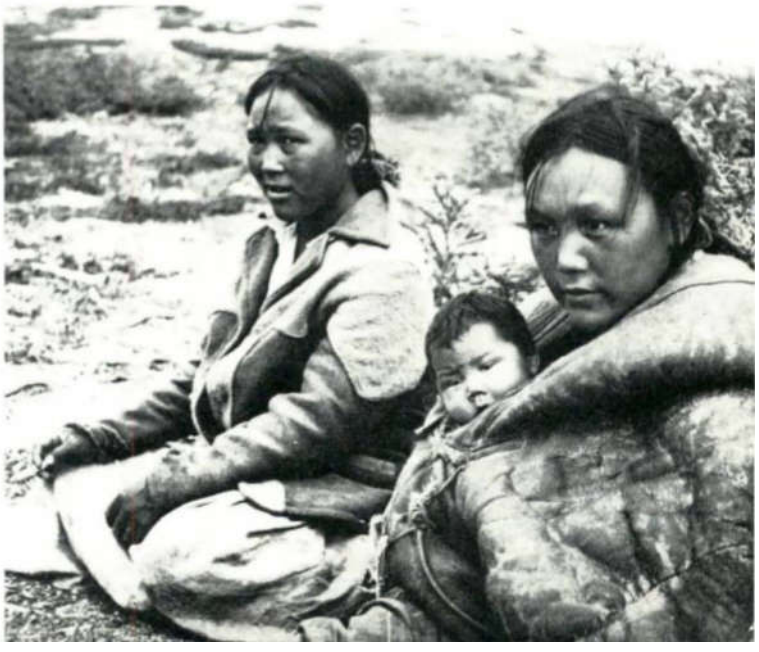
Owlyoot (right) and, opposite page, his camp at Ennadai Lake. Owlyoot's large biconical tent is on the right with the author's ridge-pole tent behind it. At the far right is a meat-drying rack.

9 August—The camp lies at a bay on a slightly dome-shaped hill. All those present in camp were gathered and watched our arrival from a height facing the landing. There are one large biconical and two single conical tents. Owlyoot, the camp-boss, lives in the large one with his own family and those of his son and his son-in-law. Each of the two other tents is occupied by one family (Anayoenak's and Micki's). The camp counts twenty souls, less than half of the total Ennadai Eskimo population of fifty-two, divided over some four camps. Owlyoot's son Mounik and son-in-law Anowtelik help put up my tent. My supplies are arranged and I give the women something out of most boxes; they are glad and happy and clap their hands when a pound of tea is added to the small pile of presents. . . . After dinner, the frightening attitude of the camp dogs, resembling my mental picture of attacking wolves, prevents me from making an intended walk back up the hill. . . . None of these men or women seems to speak a word of English. I show them photos of their countrymen, appearing in Rasmussen's report: they recognize many or have heard of them. (Aleykoosuak, who lives in another camp around here, later told me he recalled Rasmussen, who, in 1922, stayed with his father, the famous shaman Idjuadjuk). Owlyoot strikes me as having the features of Rembrandt. He uses his eyes in a wonderful way and he has a fine poise in general. He says of himself that he is shy with white men. He does not impose himself at all and yet he is the camp-boss here. They stay in my tent until midnight and follow the inauguration of the Coleman lamp with considerable interest.

10 August—Very good weather again. Each tent has its outside windbreak of spruce boughs, where the daily work and the cooking is done. (Generally, all families gather at one of these cooking places to eat together, now here, then there.) Owlyoot returns from overland hunting with caribou meat packed in the skin; inside the fresh skin are also some roasted bones with meat, which are at once grabbed by the children who start tearing the meat from them. The meat bundle was opened up by Owlyook's wife Nootaraloo, but cut up by her niece Atatkloak who is Anayoenak's wife and who asks if I want a piece of it. I take half of the piece offered. Shortly after, Mounik returns, also with caribou meat, and later Micki who says he shot three. Later in the evening, Anowtelik and Anayoenak return, each with almost half a deer on his back. Anowtelik's half remains in his tent but Anayoenak's half is cooked and finally all go to his cooking place and eat there what they want. The sun is down already. There is also tea and broth. The whole is truly a savage sight and yet very peaceful.

12 August—There are three children of 3 to 4 years of age in the camp. They are, according to our standards, being unbelievably spoilt by their families, but with the exception of possibly one they don't behave or look spoilt: they are just wonderful. Following them are two boys (8 to 11) who are the best behaved youngsters imaginable; yet they must have been "spoilt" similarly during *their* first years. Beautiful Akjar, Owlyoot's daughter and Anowtelik's wife, shows me a 1933 French 5 francs coin, but I try to suggest that she should make a pendant from it for herself. Birket-Smith's Upper Kazan River wordlist* appears almost completely to apply here. In the evening, Panegunak and Ilungiayuk (the two abovementioned youngsters of 8 to 11 years of age) play 'doctor' in a most amusing manner. Apparently, this is inspired by last week's visit of a medical party. The boys feel each other's forehead, stretch each other's mouth open for inspection, are meanwhile violently shaking a matchstick by way of thermometer, and ask all the time "*kinauit?, kinauit?*" (i.e. who are you?), then try to put the matchstick into each other's mouth under the continuous uttering of OK, OK, OK; or they pronounce the English numbers they heard when the

Sisters-in-law, Ookanak and Akjar (right), Owlyoot's daughter.



*Report of Fifth Thule Expedition 1921-24, Vol. III No. 3.

thermometer was read off at the time of the doctor's visit. Sometimes it is their game to prevent the other carrying out all these manipulations. Excellent imitation.

14 August—The other day, when I accompanied Owlyoot on an overland hunting excursion it was again hot weather and at times I had to struggle to catch up with him. He walked fast in the final approach where there was a small hill between the sighted game and us. He turned round toward me, ostentatiously rubbing his stomach, as if he was saying: "I am too hungry to wait for you." Upon rounding the hill, we saw five deer at about 120 feet distance. Owlyoot sat down, then aimed, fired and missed from that position. Apparently the deer was determined to allow itself to be killed for it remained motionless for one more minute, thus enabling Owlyoot to hit it with his second shot.

Today I can take it easy because we are in the family canoe, travelling to the radio station while doing some deer hunting en route. In the canoe are Micki, Arloo (Owlyoot's son, fourteen years old), Anayoenak and myself, Anowtelik and Mounik accompanying us in their kayaks. The last two kill a large caribou on the shore. We have tea on an island in the lake shortly before arriving at our destination. I noticed this habit of resting at ease shortly before coming home, or arriving at someone else's, also at the coast: might it perhaps be to avoid giving the impression of being beggars or of being weak and unable to fight? On the way back we find the place where the deer was killed in the morning. Some parts are buried under stones and moss, others, among them the buttocks, are taken in the canoe; owing to lack of space, I am sitting on the buttocks which emit lugubrious sounds any time the boat pitches. Another deer is spotted on the opposite shore and killed by Anayoenak. While it is being butchered, we see Anowtelik and Mounik in their kayaks pursue two deer which are crossing the lake. They drive the deer back and forth, back and forth. One is speared rather soon, but the other seems to be hit several times with the spear but not killed. We have to leave with our load of meat before the scene is over. Later today I understood that the second deer tried to enter the kayak but was killed eventually. A deer killed in the water will float and can easily be towed ashore.

20 August—Earl arrives with shaman Ootuk and family and tells me it is today Sunday 21st; so one day got lost somewhere in my stay here and I shall continue today as:

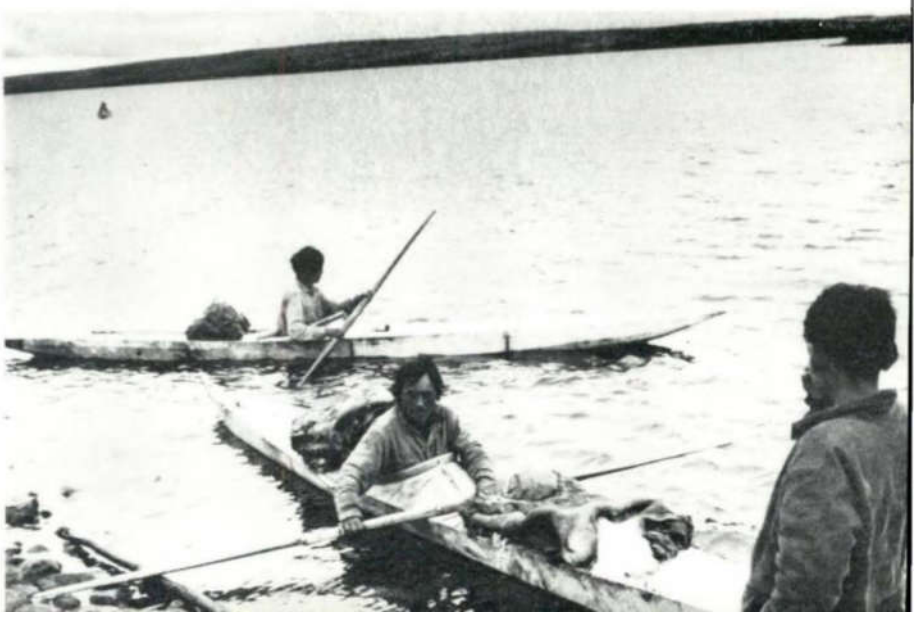
21 August—In the evening, George and I are invited to the large tent, where there will be dances; the occasion seems to be the arrival of Ootuk, shaman and friend of the camp. The entire camp sits inside. Two candles donated by *Life Magazine* and a caribou-fat pit provide scant illumination. The dancing is done by one man at a time on a round space in front of the women, who sit in a semi-circle on the front edge of the Owlyoot family's

The front of Owlyoot's big tent is covered with canvas while the back is made of caribou skins. In this tent the community gather for the evening dances.

Hangiayuk plays the ajaqaq game, the Eskimo version of cup-and-ball.

In the shelter of Nootaraloo's windscreen of spruce boughs the women (l. to r.) Akjar, Nootaraloo, and Oakanak are preparing fresh caribou skins, from which the hair has been removed, to be cut and sewn into hunting boots. The pot full of meat is heated with twigs and moss.

The freshwater kayak, covered with caribou skins, is an indispensable hunting tool. Owlyoot and Mounik return from spearing caribou at their lake-crossing place. Owlyoot has fresh skins and choice meat on his foredeck and Mounik's kayak carries part of a carcass on the aftdeck; the lances lie aft.



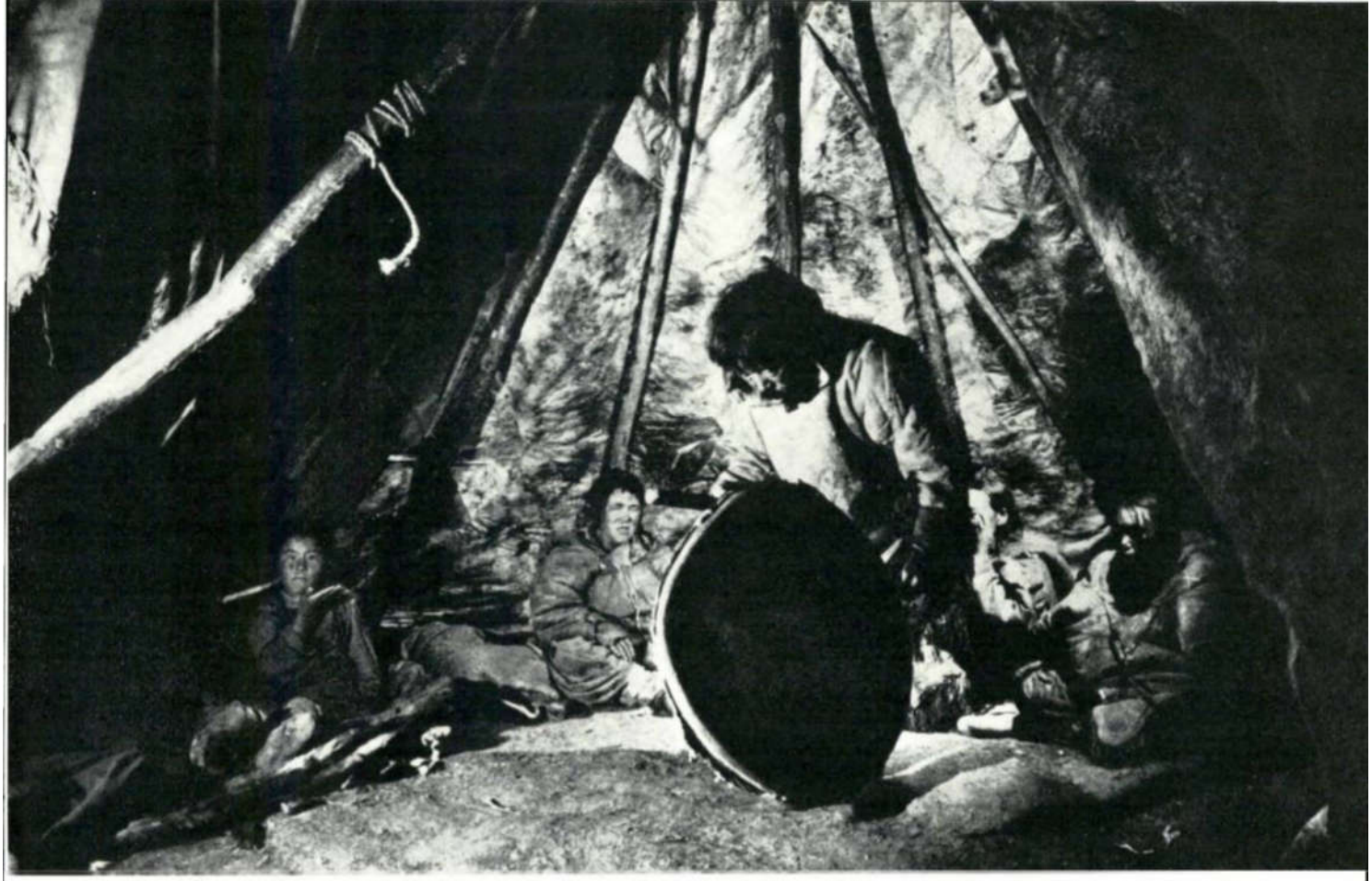
sleeping place. Behind them, close to the tent wall, are the men who do not dance. Anowtelik starts, with his attigi on and after setting in the song (which from then on was sung by the women) within half a minute he comes like mad wildly racing in circles, uttering sounds like on who is possessed. The children creep towards the back of the tent for fear of what they see. He has to be kept from stepping upon the audience by pushing him repeatedly back into his dancing-circle. He falls against the tent entrance, lies on the ground like an epileptic, dances bent over forward, uttering sounds. Meanwhile the women are singing his song all the time. After some ten minutes, Ootuk rises and goes to the centre so that Anowtelik now dances around him. Then Ootuk invites George and me to join him in the centre. Anowtelik calms down, makes one more wild round and stops: his dance is over. He is quite wet and laughs when he accepts my tobacco tin to roll a cigarette.

Next dancer is Micki, who performs a very funny dance, again to the accompaniment of the women. Then George and I are asked to dance and sing: we say that we cannot do both at the same time. That is all right, so we shall only sing: "Home on the Range," "You are my Sunshine" and an old Dutch folksong. Then Owlyoot dances his song (there is no drum yet in camp), followed by Anayoenak. Then we all ask for Ootuk, who starts by singing his *piherk* or *petroherk* after which the others impress upon him "*atti*" (i.e. to go ahead) with his magic. He declines at first, then says that I should go outside and put my parka hood on. I do so and I am called in after a few minutes: I see that also inside everyone now had the head covered. Ootuk asks what I had been thinking while outside. I answer that I have been looking at the stars (simple translation was possible during the *Life Magazine* party's presence through their young interpreter Tootoo whom they brought from Churchill), upon which follows an approving murmur by the others. Then he asks if I would like to heal sick Eskimos. Yes. A minute's silence, upon which Nootaraloo lets us know they are doing all this because they feel happy (*kuwuherktut*). Later this evening that statement that they feel happy is repeated, and special reference is made to the availability of tea and tobacco.

22 August—I enquire with Nootaraloo about some of the events of last night. Anowtelik's song: his little one was sick and by performing this dance he wanted to make him better. While he was dancing, the women sang his personal song. Before starting to dance a song, a man would always stand still, look upwards and repeat the words "*hooi, hooi, hooi,*" thereby 'calling his song.' They would also often say, when rising to take their place on the dance floor "I feel shy" (*kukhjanakune*). The hoods had to be put on "in order to save someone." Once, after Mounik had danced, everyone got up and went to the dancing circle (also George and I had to participate) and everyone, I believe also the men, sang a sort of liturgical sounding song, very beautiful and impressive. It lasted about seven minutes and we were told that this was to secure the health of all present.

29 August—It appears that Micki and Owlyoot stayed in camp today to make a drum. They take a spring skin, wet the inside with a bone scraper, then pluck the hair

Micki, making a drum, stretches the skin over a hoop made of willow.



Anayoenak dancing his song with the drum during an evening session in Owlyoot's large tent where the whole camp has gathered.

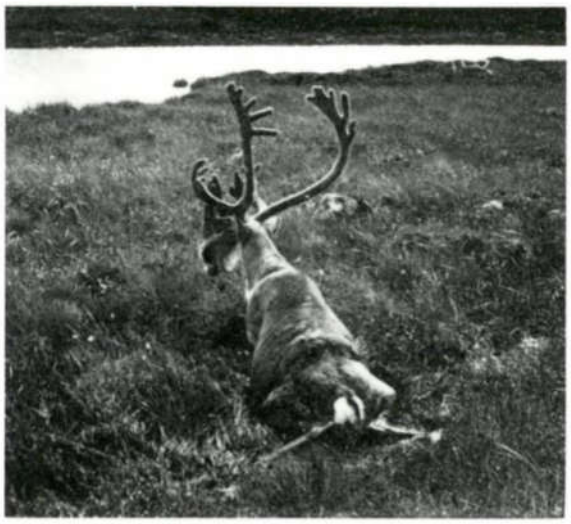
FRITZ GORO-LIFE MAGAZINE © TIME INC.

with their hands. This evening, the drum is used for the first time (with flashlights for the magazine people to take their pictures). The unfamiliar trappings of flashing bulbs and cameras affect the atmosphere but it apparently does not prevent Owlyoot from dancing longer than usual—he says he danced this time for the well-being of his little namesake and grandchild. The drum beating starts in the same tempo as in Eskimo Point, but seems to be worked up faster afterwards. Some beat the skin with stick or hand softly but very fast, while starting.* We have to sing again, and to beat the drum, while the women sing for us. They are always very attentive while listening to us. Often I hear them sing or hum our songs outside my tent on the morning-after. They like canons like "Frère Jacques" but on top of their hit parade is "Old MacDonald has a Farm," introduced by George.

31 August—In the evening, the men return with Ootuk and Hallow, two good friends, to our camp. The dance starts late and we take full part in it (no flashlights anymore, thank heaven). There is no magic. After midnight (I am the only stranger in the tent), Owlyoot, Ootuk and Micki stretch a string over the drum. A small stick is peeled and Owlyoot starts humming a melody with his mouth near the handle just to the side of the skin. Quite a different rhythm than I had ever heard before among Eskimos and more melodious. Now some of the other men get up and start dancing in a circle, slightly bent over and rhythmically stepping around, the one behind the other. At once it becomes quite clear that this is an Indian dance and, upon inquiry, they confirm that they watched the Indians dance a few years ago at Nueltin Lake (in the course of a government attempt to make them fish under white supervision; there, they had an opportunity to have some contact with the—otherwise generally feared—Indians). It surprised me to watch this adaptation of Indian dancing among their Eskimo enemies, but it was as if I had heard the melody before. (Some time later, it occurred to me that it was "Summertime" from *Porgy and Bess*. This might then indeed be a nice example of culture contact: Gershwin was inspired by Negro music; the northern Indians, via radio or gramophone, heard the melody and incorporated it into their dance repertoire; and the Eskimos, though generally keeping away from the Indians and their works, adopted it in their turn together with the Indian dance technique and thus added it to their own entertainment).

4 September—Owlyoot returns from the hunt and is noticed by the women, while he is still far away descending from the hill back of the camp. All are excited for he

* After thus opening his dance, the Ennadai Eskimo drum-dancer would soon stop singing and restrict himself to intermittent shrieks. He continuously beats the drum hoop on either side of the handle, rocking it in slowly increasing tempo from side to side with the short stick, swinging on his legs like an elephant and making small steps around the floor. The drum booms with a hollow sound and sets the tempo for the uninterrupted chorus of the women, who also slightly swing their bodies to and fro, keeping their eyes to the ground.



Owlyoot setting out for an overland hunt carries field-bag containing tea kettle, mug, rope, knife and telescope, and his rifle slung across his chest. The caribou is wounded.

has tuktu, caribou, on his back. For the first time in about six days. He shot three out of five. The children and young women run toward him, and some take over something from his back, such as a loose skin, or his rifle in order to carry that to camp. Quite a sight, this small triumphal march. It is always like that whenever a hunter returns with meat, but today doubly so. I noticed another intimate feature of their camp life the other day. Owlyoot's son Mounik is newly married to Anayoenak's (meanwhile pregnant) daughter Ookanak. Owlyoot's tent is at fifty feet distance from Anayoenak's, but it is difficult for these families to part with their children. Therefore, the mothers of the married couple have arranged that both Mounik and Ookanak will sleep the one night in *his* parents' tent, and the next in *hers*.

22 September—After an exciting gambling session in the course of which most of my expendable possessions including almost all my clothes found their way to the five families composing this camp, I am about to leave for Churchill and farther south. The three matrons of the camp, whom I once had told that there were no caribou to be found in my country, spontaneously come foward to present me with three deer skins and sufficient sinew thread "for my wife to sew a beautiful attigi for herself." I accept the skins, not without some emotion, because they were given by people whose language I did not talk but whom, in daily intercourse, I had come to like and to respect. ◆

Mounik's damaged kayak being repaired by Owlyoot. Holes are made with the bow-drill and lashings are strips of skin or sinew, no nails are used. Unlike many other Ennadai kayaks which were made exclusively from local materials, Mounik's frame contains some sawn-wood boards. The ribs are invariably from local willow branches.

WITH DAUGHTER MARY KOOTENAY IN FRONT OF HIS OLD HOUSE IN OCTOBER LAST YEAR

WALKING BUFFALO

WISE MAN OF THE WEST

BY JOHANNA WENZEL

After this article was written Walking Buffalo was taken to hospital, following another stroke, and there he died on 27 December 1967, three months short of his 97th birthday.

HERE IS A MAN who has travelled around the world several times. He has been to England, Iceland, Germany, South Africa and New Zealand among other lands. Everywhere he was presented as one of Canada's best-known, oldest and highly respected chiefs. He spoke on world problems with impact, authority and compassion. His trips were sponsored by the Moral Rearmament group, to whom, naturally, Walking Buffalo is grateful. As a colourful and eloquent Indian he was MRA's obvious choice to represent the natives of North America. MRA's basic principles of the pursuit of honour, purity, unselfishness and love correspond with Walking Buffalo's beliefs. Thus he became a disciple of that group. The world over the Old Indian intensified the interest that already exists in North American Indians.

What kind of man is he? When meeting Tatunga Mani for the first time one is struck by his eyes. They are small, black, piercing eyes and immediately make one wonder what he might be thinking. They reveal a strong mental alertness, a probing mind, and they radiate kindness. They glow with cordiality in a bronze and leathery face.

One might think that Walking Buffalo of the Alberta Assiniboines, who are now commonly called Stonies, is a tall man, as his imposing name suggests. However he is

German-born, Mrs Wenzel was educated in Frankfurt, the United States and Canada; she now lives in Calgary where she free-lances and broadcasts. The photographs are by John Colville except where credited.

GLENBOW FOUNDATION PHOTO

Assembled before the Duke of Connaught at Banff in 1914 (l to r) Hector Crawler, Mrs George Maclean, George Maclean in Siouan ceremonial dress, Frank Welman, Rev. John McDougall, Dr R. G. Brett.

barely of medium height, but with his broad shoulders he creates an image of strength despite his ninety-six years. Above all it is the stature of his mind that makes him dwarf us. In his presence one gets that rare feeling, which so few people project, that here is a person who is at peace with the world, and with himself. He does not need to explain that he has found that peace himself, living most of his years among the quiet hills—his eyes tell the story.

The Stonies were the first of Canada's Indians to give up the reserve "villages" for they preferred to build their homes right in the country. Accordingly, Walking Buffalo's house stands in the valley of the Bow. It is a new light-grey stucco bungalow with a bright blue roof, one of many homes recently constructed on the Morley Reserve, and just a few paces from his old house, a large, self-built log cabin. Mountain pines, green spruce, poplars and willows abound. The Rev. J. W. Niddrie, in describing Morley, wrote that "the Douglas fir trees supplied the wood for the bows as it is tough and fibrous, while the Saskatoon bushes supplied the wood for the best arrows". The old Chief confirms this and will challenge anyone to find out for oneself. On his land too grow the glorious wild tiger-lily, a profusion of wild roses and vivid Indian paintbrush, and a heavenly stillness rules.

This is the land from which Walking Buffalo draws his strength, for this land too, is the home of the Great Spirit.

Although the Stonies have long been United (formerly Methodist) Church members, they did not abandon entirely the faith of centuries by which their ancestors lived. Indeed Walking Buffalo believes as much in his old as in his tribe's newly acquired United Church and the Moral Rearmament faiths. The three do not conflict, Walking Buffalo says, in fact they supplement one another, as many philosophies do. Some time ago a new hall was built on the Morley reserve. Representatives of the Christian church came to dedicate it with the usual pomp and circumstance. Suddenly someone noticed Walking Buffalo doing a formal dance, blessing the building in his own traditional way. A Calgarian observing him asked him what he was up to.

"Dedicating the building, of course," the Old Indian said.

"But that is being done already by these other people here," countered the Calgary visitor.

"Can't hurt to do it twice," Walking Buffalo replied.

When Walking Buffalo was born in Morley in 1871 "Alberta" was still thirty-four years away from receiving provincial status. Although the area was part of the Northwest Territories at that time, Walking Buffalo insists that is of no consequence. As far as he is concerned he is an American, according to the name of the continent. Provincial or national boundaries are superficial divisions for the grand Old Man. Long before Antoine de Saint-Exupéry coined the title *Terre des Hommes* for his book, and Expo '67 borrowed the theme, Walking Buffalo was an advocate of man and his world, as opposed to man and his national identity.

Walking Buffalo traces his origin to a young Cree Indian boy who was adopted and raised by a Stony family, taking the place of the family's son whom they had lost at that time. The Cree boy had become separated from a group of defeated Crows. Stonies and raiding Crows had been engaged in a three day battle. It is estimated that this conflict took place in the early 1700s.

The name Walking Buffalo stems from the experiences of Young Porcupine, great-grandfather of the present Tatunga Mani (the translation of Walking Buffalo). Young Porcupine had strayed from his home in the foothills until he found himself surrounded by buffalo. One of the animals began to take charge of the boy, walked with him to keep him protected from the rest of the herd. A search party of three Indians was sent out by the tribe, and, guided by the Great Spirit, they found the boy and took him back home. During his days in the wilderness the boy had lost his speech, and it was not till four days later that he regained it. Young Porcupine related to his parents the vision he had. The Great Spirit had assured him the buffalo bull would grant him protection until he was rescued. The boy had also been instructed to paint a male buffalo on the right side of his own future tipi and a female buffalo on the left. Women were then to enter from the left and men from the right side of the flap when visiting. The Great Spirit was to bestow healing power

upon the boy and give him long life. He received the name Walking Buffalo by his parents and his tribe. It is held in great esteem not only by the bearer but by all Stonies. Our present Walking Buffalo told me his son Bill's oldest male child will most likely receive the treasured name. Bill has six sons and five daughters and lives just across a little creek from his father.

Walking Buffalo was still small when his mother died in the 1870s. His father, Tom Kaquitts, Sr., asked the child's grandmothers to bring him up. Walking Buffalo remembers them fondly and says they taught him the history of his tribe as he has since told it to his own children and grandchildren, to missionaries, historians and countless other individuals who love to hear him talk. On reaching school age Walking Buffalo entered the McDougall Orphanage in Morley, where he was educated by the Methodist teachers. The Rev. Dr John Maclean gave the young boy the name George Maclean. Today Walking Buffalo is known equally well as George Maclean or Tatunga Mani to his people.

One story about his Christian name is often told. A few years ago when the old McDougall church at Morley was being renovated one of the men at the site said to Walking Buffalo, "I am Scottish, you know," and the Old Indian replied casually "I am too, my name is Maclean."

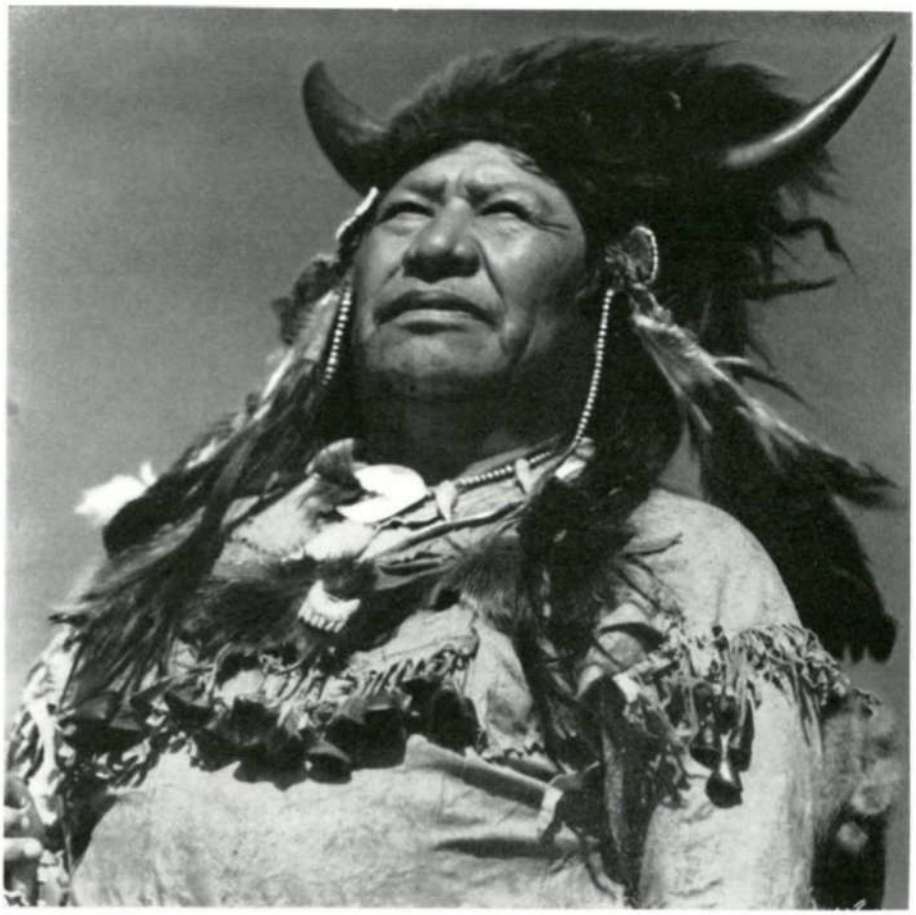
George Maclean completed his schooling at the missionary school in his late teens and took a course at a trade school in Red Deer. With a good knowledge of carpentry he returned to Morley. His father and uncle now opposed George's intention to study medicine in Winnipeg. In fact, they considered him too valuable an asset to leave the reserve at all. After all, George was fluent in Assiniboine (a Siouan language) and English and was needed urgently by the tribe to interpret for increasing numbers of traders and white administrators that flocked to the area. For a short period thereafter George found himself teaching at Morley. Teaching, however, did not turn out to be the challenge he had hoped for. At twenty-one he became band counsellor and later rose to chief. His people liked and respected him. A Cree Indian who knew him well as chief told me recently that the reason everyone was so fond of Walking Buffalo was "that he knew how to stop quarrels among Indians, and among Indians and Whites. No one can ever forget him!"

After nearly twenty-five years in the top position Walking Buffalo stepped down voluntarily. The late Dr John Laurie, who lived among the Stonies for many years, had nothing but praise for George's dedication to his work. Walking Buffalo "... was a rancher, raised good herds of cattle and sheep, poultry and hogs and had an excellent garden. Horses always interested him and he owned some outstanding ones," wrote Dr Laurie. Indeed, anyone attending Indian rodeos out West will be amazed at the number of exceptionally fine horses that not only Stonies but other tribes own today. Till age ninety-five Walking Buffalo was seen often riding through his beloved forests on his favourite horse accompanied by his dog, in communion with nature. While chief he travelled to Ottawa, representing his band, to settle the case of water rights at Seebe with the House of Commons. He was not impressed by the government members. "Too many people there drink too much. They are confused most of the time. They make strange laws," Walking Buffalo has repeated many times.

Walking Buffalo married Flora Crawler in 1896. She was the daughter of Chief Hector Crawler, a highly respected medicine man and healer, who shared many of his medical and mystical ideas with George. Thousands attending the Banff Indian Days over the years still recall how for many summers George and his wife participated and entertained by singing beautiful duets.

At 96 the old man talks with animation. He may recall the time in 1935 when he (hat in hand) and other Stonies prayed before cutting a centre pole for the sun dance lodge.

GLENBOW FOUNDATION PHOTO



George Maclean in his vigorous prime, wearing the buffalo headdress so closely associated with him in later years.

Opposite page: in front of his new house at the Morley Reserve last October.

BRIDGENS PHOTO

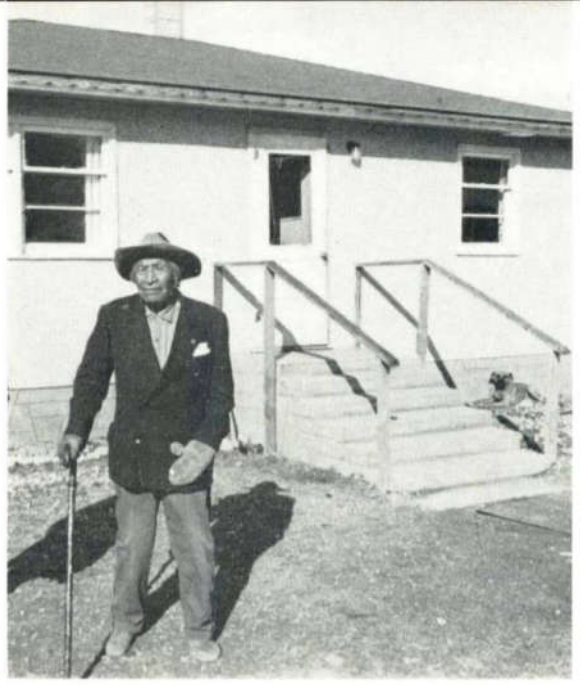
Flora and George had one son, Bill, and three daughters.

In 1949 his wife died. "Without a wife the home and the man fall apart," George mourned. After some time he married Maggy Hunter, widow of the late Chief Enos Hunter and daughter of Adam Goodstony. George never referred to her as Mrs Maclean. He reasoned she had been Mrs Hunter most of her life and out of respect to her and her late husband she should always be Mrs. Hunter. Dr Ruth Gorman, who knew Mrs Hunter well, tells that the Indian lady once gave her a beautiful necklace as a gift. The necklace consisted of red and white beads alternating throughout, except for one obviously dissonant blue bead in the centre. Mrs Hunter had purposely placed that blue bead there because, as only God is perfect, man must not hope to attain His perfection. Mrs Hunter died a few years ago.

On my visit to his home Walking Buffalo introduced his youngest daughter, Mary Kootenay, mother of eight grown children, who cares for him now. "She looks after me well," George said, his eyes filled with gratitude and warmth. "We are a large family on week-ends when the great-grandchildren and sometimes the grandchildren come to stay with us. During the week they live in Calgary where the children go to school," he added. Walking Buffalo appears to be comfortable in his new house. Unlike most old people he does not live exclusively in the past. He still has many visitors who come to listen and tell him of the outside world. Walking Buffalo grants an audience much like the Pope does and speaks with the same sort of dignity and authority. However he is slightly easier to reach: one merely takes an automobile and drives to his reserve.

Late in 1966 the Old Indian suffered two strokes. These were the first major illnesses of his life. He made a good recovery during his time at the Banff hospital, and later made his physician Dr B. K. Sood a blood brother of the Stonies. Walking Buffalo's son Bill named the doctor Chief Rainbow at the Banff Indian Days in 1967. That was the first year the Old Indian attended the festivities not riding his own horse. He was riding down Banff Avenue in a car instead waving to the crowd. Later he walked up to the microphone, and started a little speech by saying "when I was sick last summer, I began to feel old," as if it were a new realization for him.

Walking Buffalo still rises and retires at normal hours. He takes short walks in God's university as he fondly



calls nature. There he continues to study and contemplate life. He marvels at the change yet continuity he sees in the seasons. Nature has always been his closest ally. He returns from his walks mentally refreshed, invigorated. A healthy mind and a good heart are the surest guarantees for a healthy body, is his conviction. Should something go wrong there are good herbs for the cure, but he said he could not tell me the English names for them. He has faith in modern medicine as well and would not object to antibiotics or cobalt treatment should he require them. Back from his walking excursions he will sit in his comfortable living-room, and either think, read, or watch television "to see what's going on in that crazy world". The television is a recent acquisition. Walking Buffalo said it confuses the Indians more than it enlightens them.

Walking Buffalo has attended the Banff Indian Days seventy-seven times and the Calgary Exhibition and Stampede over half a century in full regalia with buffalo horns and medicine bag. He was still a child at the signing of the treaty of 1877, when Blackfoot, Stonies, and Sarcees consented to live on reserves, but he was conscious that it meant for his people a completely new way of life. The buffalo became fewer. The Indians' hunting days were numbered and their pride suffered. Farming days lay ahead, imposing many unknown restrictions on the Indians. Walking Buffalo witnessed the change-over.

He said recently, as he has said so often, that the only real important thing in life is that "God is everywhere. He speaks to us at all times. Different peoples call God different names. Some call Him Manitou or Great Spirit. Some call Him Allah, or Buddha or Jehova. He is partly Christ too. Some people just call Him conscience. But He is the same God for all people. He just has many names. We must learn to let Him speak to us through our hearts and through nature. If we do not listen to Him we poison our mind and our body." The Old Indian did not speak as a preacher, but as a man who simply wants to share his conviction, as one who shares a life-giving medicine, a life-saving medicine.

Talking to the Old Man this autumn (1967) he told me that his happiest experience in life was "the hunting" he pursued in younger days. The worst experience of his life is to watch "white people lead a more and more artificial life, a shallow life".

"Indians and white people do not need to mix," Walking Buffalo says. "Do you see the trees out there, spruce and pine and poplar? They do not mix. They grow side by side and get along well. People can do the same thing. I hope there will always be Indians." ◆

When he was 95 Walking Buffalo still rode in the parade at Banff Indian Days.

ACORUS CALAMUS

BY ROSS MITCHELL

INDIAN ROOT—this was the subject of an interview with an 87-year-old Icelandic poet. It arose from a letter written by him, from his home near Riverton, Manitoba, in beautiful flowing Icelandic script. The translation is by Haraldur Bessason, Professor of Icelandic Language and Literature, University of Manitoba. The specimen of the plant which accompanied the letter was sent to the University Department of Botany where Dr Jennifer Walker reported: "This creeping stem (rhizome) appears to be that of the Sweet Flag, *Acorus Calamus* L. It grows in swamps and shallow water in the southern three-quarters of the province. The rhizome is aromatic and the leaves and aerial parts give a pleasant aroma when bruised."

The Icelandic poet, Guttormur J. Guttormsson, who died some six months after our interview, was a tall spare man of gentle manner and bearing. His voice was husky, his English faultless. Only once during our talk was his voice raised; that was when he exclaimed: "It was a terrible mistake to let the Indians have alcohol." Apart from his mother's instruction, he had little formal schooling. Missionaries visiting the farm home on Icelandic River, left books to add to the home library which the boy read avidly. He had three months tuition in the Central School, Winnipeg, where he did the work of Grade VII. Yet, his poetry is of such excellence that he twice visited Iceland to read his poems. Once, assistance for the expenses of the journey came from the Government of Iceland, on the other occasion, jointly by the Government and a group of Canadian Icelandic friends.

He was born in 1878 on his father's farm on Icelandic River near Riverton. His parents had emigrated from Iceland first to the Muskoka district in Ontario, then in 1875 with a group of 285 compatriots to the "Republic of New Iceland" on the west shore of Lake Winnipeg about sixty miles north of Winnipeg.

Here is his letter received in summer 1965, by Doctor Thorlakson, who has kindly given permission for this publication:

In this letter I shall attempt to sum up the information which I gave you yesterday about the "Indian root". Moreover, I am enclosing a specimen of it for you.

I was hardly more than four years old when I first learned about the "root". This was some eighty years ago. At that time one could truthfully speak of an Indian culture in the northern parts of New Iceland situated on the west shores of Lake Winnipeg in the District of Keewatin and north of Boundary Creek (Winnipeg Beach) which was then the northern boundary of the Province of Manitoba. These regions were in fact an earthly paradise for Indians. There was abundance of game in the woods and the lakes and rivers were teeming with fish. From time immemorial the Indians had been accumulating knowledge about the land in which they were living. Therefore, they were better equipped to cope with many of the difficulties which occurred from day to day than the Icelandic pioneers who, in this respect, were sadly lacking in experience. The Icelandic pioneers learnt many a lesson from the Indians, whereas, the Indians did not learn anything from the Icelanders.

The Indians in New Iceland belonged to the Cree tribe. They were big, healthy, strong, and vivacious people. They could run with their dog teams all day long without ever turning a hair. Heart diseases were unknown among these people who in the coldest of weather in midwinter did not hesitate to lie down to sleep out in the open beside their fires. This they did without ever catching a touch of pneumonia or even a cold. It also verges on the incredible that they were never disturbed in their sleep, no matter how cold the weather.

These Indians were truly honest people in every respect, and even though they often fell victim of the fraudulence of unscrupulous traders, they never stole anything from anybody.

Very few of the Indians knew any English. They spoke the Cree language which possesses a peculiarly sweet and soft rhythm.

Before further discussing the "root", I want to emphasize that the Indians did not have any medicine men or magic healers among them. If they wanted to consult a physician, they had to go as far south as Crossing (now Selkirk). This, of course, applied to the Icelanders as well, even though they had two self-educated homoeopaths in their midst.

In summer the chief diet was deer meat which was dried in the sun, but never smoked or salted. Other kinds of food were fresh fowl and fresh fish. The Indians always ate their meat so rare that it still retained some of its reddish colour.

A past president of the Manitoba Historical Society, Dr Mitchell has long been interested in the medical history of the West.

Among their beverages was the juice of "Indinante", a now extinct plant which used to grow among various types of moss in the tamarack [larch] woods. Ordinary tea was one of the daily beverages. On the other hand, the Indians never drank coffee and rarely milk (all babies were breast fed).

It is assumed that a great number of Indians were wiped out by the epidemic of smallpox which hit New Iceland in 1876, and that the death-toll was even heavier than among the Icelanders. Twelve Indians were buried in one grave at Sandy Bar. Many of them were buried on the banks of Icelandic River, and on my own property there are quite a few graves dating from the time of the epidemic. (The Crees erected a birchbark shelter over the graves. Under the shelter were placed the red sashes which the dead had worn.)

With the exception of some potatoes the Indians did not live on vegetables, and they never used a recognized brand of flour, known as "Strong Baker". Even though poverty sometimes compelled them to buy it, the Icelanders called the bread which was made from this cheap brand of flour *hundamatur* (dog food). Instead, they used XXXX or "Super Fine".

When I was a young boy, I never met an Indian who suffered from either consumption (T.B. of the lungs) or even a common cold. When typhoid fever, scarlet fever, and diphtheria struck in the Iceland district, the Indians headed for the woods with great haste.

Besides the berries which I have already mentioned, the Indians, particularly the younger people, ate nuts, especially hazelnuts, but strangely enough they only ate the shell of the nut which had a very sour taste to it. The nut itself, they threw away.

In the spring or the early summer the Indian families went into the woods to gather the bark of the poplar tree of which they used the inner layer for food. At this time of the year, the poplar is full of sweet juice and the bark has a sweet taste to it. When the outer layers had been peeled off the tree, the inner layer was scraped off into containers from which the Indians ate it with the greatest of relish.

Would it, perhaps, be logical to assume that it was the vitamins of the bark that protected the Indians against scurvy and other diseases? Unfortunately, this gift of nature is offered but for a short period of time each year, since the juice of the poplar bark, of which there is such abundance in young trees, gradually dries up as the summer wears on.

The Icelanders used extremely potent brands of tobacco which they either chewed or smoked. The Indians never chewed tobacco, and when they smoked, they used

UNIVERSITY OF TORONTO PHOTO

Sweet flag, the Indian root, is a member of the arum family. It was also used medicinally by the Ojibwa to the south who considered it a quick acting physic and a cure for cold in the throat or cramp in the stomach.

dried dogwood bark mixed with ordinary leaves. This mixture contains deadly poison and has the same effect on those who smoke it as tobacco. Two Icelandic children met their death after eating berries which grow on the dogwood. [Mr Guttormsson said that the moose eat dogwood berries with impunity.]

I can still remember the times when the Indians came sailing in their bright-coloured bark canoes into the mouth of the Icelandic River where they used to go ashore, pitch a number of white tents, and hang their famous Hudson's Bay blankets up on clothes lines.

I remember well one particular instance when the Indians, during one of their journeys up Icelandic River, selected the river bank across from our house as a suitable camping area. This time they had brought with them great quantities of various goods which immediately aroused our curiosity. No sooner had the Indians unloaded their bark canoes than my parents decided to row across the river for a visit. I and my elder brother Fusi were allowed to go with them. Such visits were customary in those days both for the sake of pleasure and for the purpose of doing some business with the Indians.

Arrived at the camp, we were greatly impressed with the many beautiful things which the Indians had brought with them. Everything bore witness to happiness and prosperity. All kinds of ornate and colourful garments were hanging on the clothes lines, and a group of women and youngsters were at work scraping and washing roots of plants, a huge pile of which had been placed on one of the Hudson's Bay blankets.

My mother, who had worked for more than a year at Gravenhurst in Ontario, and learnt English to the extent that she could easily converse in it, found out that one of the men, a big and handsome gentleman, knew English well enough to get by in it. This gentleman told us that the roots had been dug up out in the marshes and that they were now in the process of being cleaned and dried for the market at Crossing (Selkirk). Otherwise, the Hudson's Bay store at Stone Fort (Lower Fort Garry) was the main trading place of these Indians, and there they used to sell their furs in winter. Moreover, we were told that the root was the best known medicine among the Cree Indians. Roots from water lilies were used by them to heal wounds. They were cut in slices which were then placed against the wounds.

The Indians had no terms for the different organs, and to them all internal diseases fell into the same category, i.e. "sick inside". Under this category came illnesses such as kidney diseases, stomach ailments, diseases of the liver, and many others.

The method by which all these ailments were treated was always the same inasmuch as the root was the only medicine to be used by the patients. Sometimes the root was eaten by them in the form of thin slices or fine powder. Some patients would prefer to boil the root and then drink the juices from it. Others would chew on it and swallow the juice.

In the case of lung diseases, common colds, and sore throats, slices of the root were wrapped up in flannels and the patient treated with hot fomentations. The application of the powder from the root was recognized as the most effective method of treating toothache. Finally, it was generally believed that eating of the root would stimulate the blood circulation and increase the growth of both beard and hair. It was also felt that moderate doses of it would give the hair a desirable sheen.

That is the end of Mr Guttormsson's letter. He invariably pronounced the name of the root as cala′mus, with the accent on the second syllable. He said that the plant was a favourite food of the muskrat. Mr Guttormsson was never without the root. His father had used it as a remedy against "farmer's lung" which he acquired from inhaling the dust from mouldy hay.

His attitude to the Crees of his boyhood recollections is much the same as that of Captain William Francis Butler, an Irish soldier, who was sent in 1870 by Colonel Wolseley to Fort Garry as his intelligence officer. After peace was restored, he was sent by Manitoba's first lieutenant governor, Adams G. Archibald, to travel to the foothills of the Rockies to study the Indian situation and assist in stopping an outbreak of smallpox among the Plains Indians. On his return, he wrote of his experiences in *The Great Lone Land*, and summed up the Indians: "This wild man who first welcomed the new-comer is the only perfect socialist or communist in the world. He holds all things in common with his tribe—the land, the bison, the river, and the moose." And, ". . . his speech becomes the echo of the beauty that lies spread around him. Every name for lake or river, for mountain or meadow, has its particular significance, and to tell the Indian title of such things is generally to tell the nature of them also."

Butler admired their way of life but deplored their treatment of their sleigh dogs. Mr Guttormsson made the same reservation. The disparity between the Indians of his early memories and those of the present day, explains the vehemence of his remark about Indians and alcohol.

It was a moving experience during our interview, to hear him recite his vivid impressions of the meeting of two cultures in circumstances which can never be repeated. That moment, was to him, the morning of the world where all was fresh and clear and the Indians lived in a veritable Eden. ◆

Algona, Niptanatiak and Kadlun (l. to r.) of Pellatt Lake.

A KABLOONA HUNTS WITH THE INLANDERS

By M. J. Hewitt

PHANTOMLIKE the huskies sped across the frozen lake. Their breath froze on their faces and shoulders, glistening like hoar frost. The sled creaked and bumped over the hard-packed drifts as my companion urged the dogs on with hoarse calls.

"*Tuktu-toomee, tarva, tuktu.*" (Caribou-tracks, I see caribou).

The dogs required little urging, for smelling the caribou they pulled relentlessly. We climbed towards the top of a low ridge studded with outcrops of black rock, bared like rotten teeth. The other sled, slightly ahead and to our right, came to a stop, the iron brake anchor sending out a sparkling plume of snow. We stopped nearby.

My companion turned to me grinning. "Lots of fun, eh?"

In spite of his natural good manners, he laughed at my bedraggled appearance. With my three week old beard, sunglasses, and a parka frosted over, I must have been a sight. To complete the caricature, I was hugging three cameras, binoculars, and a camera bag, containing spare film and accessories, to my chest. This must seem ludicrous to the Eskimo who carries only what he needs for the hunt or to build a shelter. "Yes Niptanatiak, lots of fun," I managed to gasp, easing my bruised and frozen limbs from the sled.

I could not complain. I was in this predicament by choice. Here, in the Pellatt Lake area, where a few inland Eskimos lived, I was spending a vacation, taking the rough with the smooth, the better to know my native friends.

Michael Hewitt, who emigrated from England in 1962, works for the Department of National Health & Welfare as a public health nurse. After postgraduate work at Dalhousie he has returned with his family to the North which he considers the finest place to live. Photographs by the author.

Niptanatiak demonstrates the preferred position for shooting.

Resting by a stone marker placed there long ago, a group of Inlanders or Nunamiut (not to be confused with the Nunamiut tribe of Alaska). Pellatt Lake lies south of Coronation Gulf on the 65th parallel, some 430 miles west of Baker Lake.

Right: The team approaches some caribou. All wounded animals are followed up and killed.

Travelling in the Barren Lands on the Eskimo kamutik, or sled, is an unforgettable experience. A sea of low rolling treeless hills and countless lakes, stretches to the horizon in every direction. How the Eskimos find their way across these desolate wastes (and in the winter I can think of nothing more desolate) is beyond my comprehension. They do it with ease. Thinking nothing of setting out on a trip of two or three hundred miles with nothing but memory to guide them, they average between twenty and forty miles a day.

Feeling around gingerly to determine which bones were broken and which were merely bent, I made a mental note—never would I repeat this trip without a large, soft cushion! A caribou hide draped over bone cracking struts is not the ideal perch.

Niptanatiak beckoned me to follow. We crept to the top of the ridge where we were joined by Algona and his wife, Akhomik. Their daughter, a mite of five, stayed with the dogs to quiet them should they become restive.

I lay on the snow and surveyed the scene through binoculars. Below, about a mile away on the plain, I could see some fourteen or fifteen caribou. Seemingly unaware of our presence, they were pawing through the snow to reach the moss on which they thrive. Watching appreciatively, the two men conversed in low tones. Algona turned to me and said, "Go that way. Wind good. Sun good." He pointed to a shallow trough which led round the end of the ridge, providing cover until we could get closer. This meant we could approach up-wind with the sun at our backs. Satisfied, we dropped back below the skyline.

Niptanatiak and Algona loaded their .22 rifles. I loaded my own weapon, a 35mm Pentax with telephoto lens attached. In our separate ways we were ready for the climax to the hunt.

The sleds slid quietly away as we headed back to the point chosen for our new approach. The dogs needed only the occasional "*Ting*" or "*Chow*" to turn them right or left, as we threaded a way through the rocks. We cleared the rocks and swung north. Then the dogs sighted the caribou. The sled catapulted forward, almost jerking me loose (the customary reaction on my part), as the dogs pulled with renewed vigour. We clung on grimly. No time now to choose a smooth path as we neared our prey.

Closing with the caribou I recalled Niptanatiak's words a few days before the hunt. "Only one or two caribou, run too much. Lots of caribou, not run much." The counsel rang true for close as we were, the caribou continued to browse. At last they raised their heads and stared at us, their ears cocked. One of the bulls stirred restlessly. In an instant Niptanatiak had stopped the sled, and in a fluid motion leaped off to sit in the snow and take aim.

The dry crack of his rifle rang over the tundra, and the bull crumpled to the ground. Algona and Niptanatiak shot rapidly into the caribou, which milled crazily for a few moments before stampeding across the valley. Four beasts lay dead. Their blood stained the snow with vivid splashes of scarlet. An elemental scene had been enacted.

Niptanatiak turned, smiling happily. "Lots of meat for Eskimo now," and added, "dogs hungry." From the clamour they had been making since the first caribou fell, one would have thought they had not eaten for years. Just then Algona came across and suggested that we follow a caribou he had wounded, whilst he commenced skinning the dead ones. "Kabloona come?" asked Niptanatiak, using the word for one who is not an Eskimo. "Lead the way pal, I'm with you," I replied.

Five seconds later I wasn't. I was sprawling in the snow, my cameras clutched to my chest having hit the second, fourth, and last of the cross-spars en route before flying off the back of the sled. I had forgotten to hang on when Niptanatiak pulled up the snow anchor.

The yelping dogs were a hundred yards away before he could stop them. Algona was also sitting in the snow, clutching his stomach as if mortally wounded, tears of laughter streaming down his face. I limped over to the sled, where Niptanatiak waited looking concerned. His concern soon dissolved into laughter when he realized I was unhurt. The huskies wore a look of smug self-satisfaction, and I resolved to even the score at the first opportunity.

Off we went again, following the caribou which could be seen slowly picking its way through some rocks on the

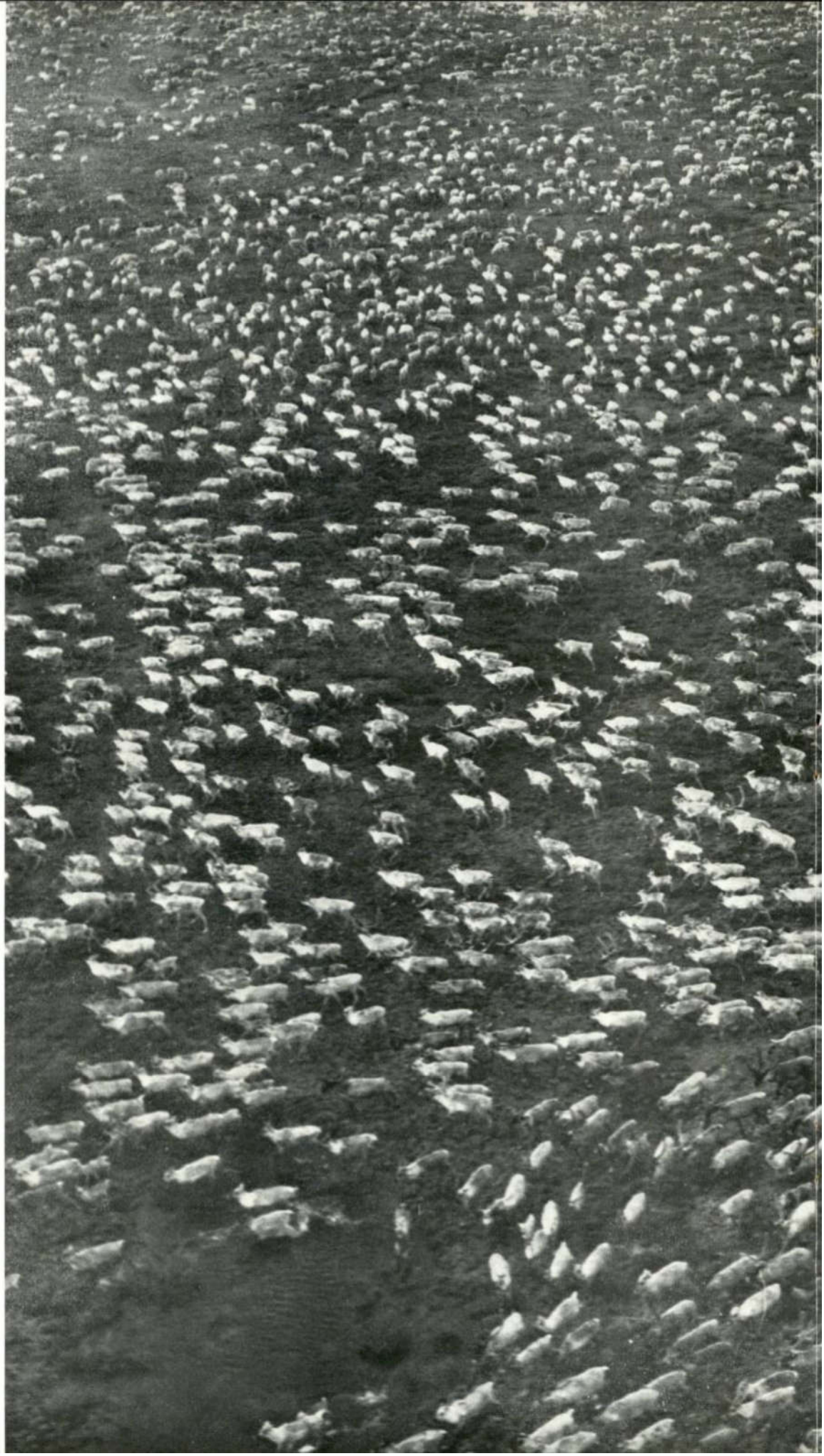
Niptanatiak at the kill and, above, about to finish off a wounded caribou which he did by throwing a rock.

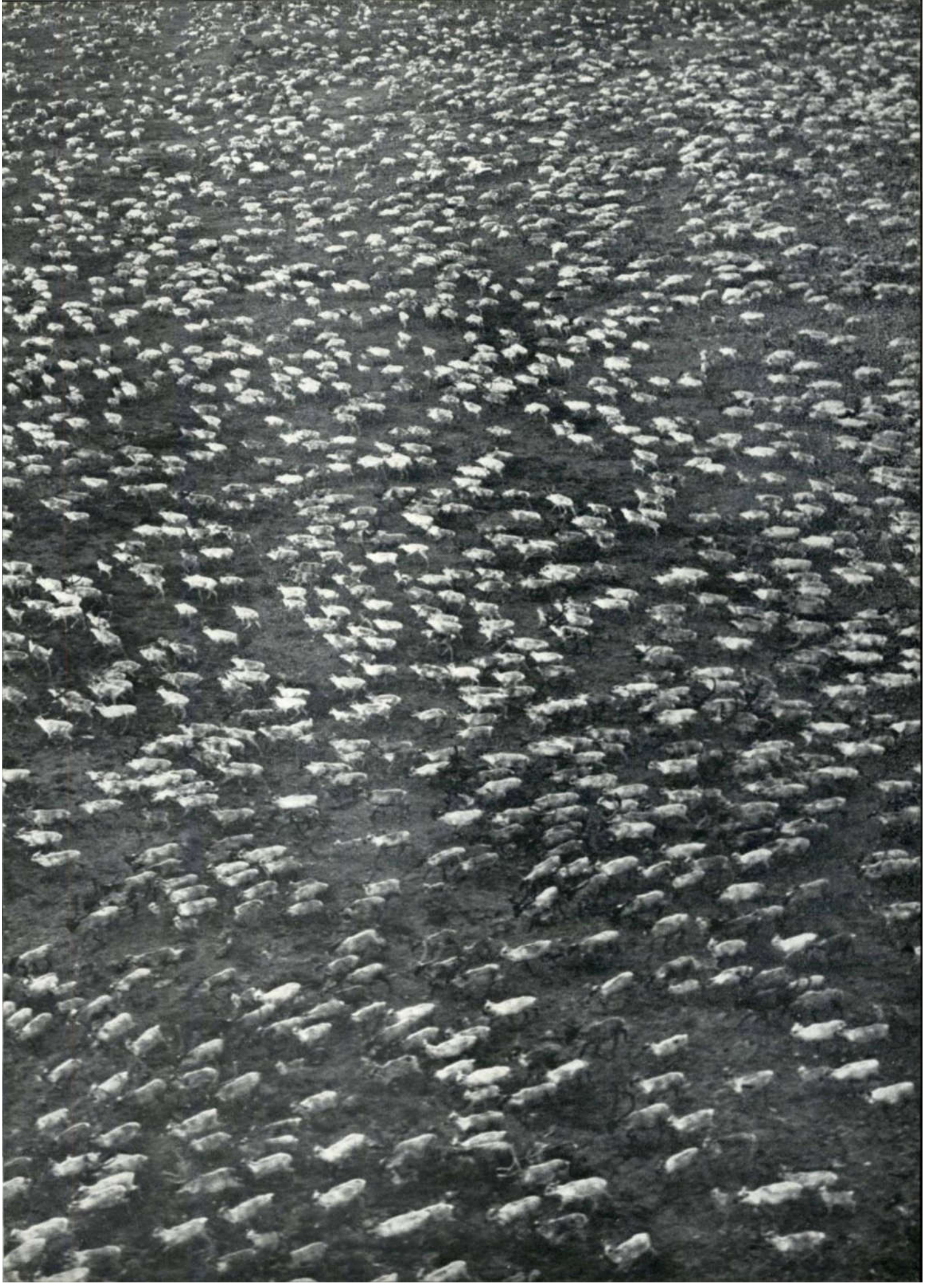
(Continued on p. 32)

CARIBOU

photograph by
Fred Bruemmer

Part of a herd of caribou flowing across the tundra in the vicinity of Kaminuriak Lake, south of Baker Lake (see map on page 4). This photograph was taken in early July, 1966, when the animals had bunched and were drifting southwards. In June the females scatter over the uplands where the fawns are born, after which the herd reassembles and travels erratically. About the time of this photograph the party on the Kazan River farther west (see John Lentz, "Inuit Ku") saw only a few isolated caribou and no herds at all.





The caribou is skinned. Caribou are hosts to many parasites, one of the worst being the warble fly whose larvae burrow under the skin as can be seen here.

The interval for tea is enjoyed by everyone.

far side of the valley. As we approached, Niptanatiak stopped the sled and released one of the dogs. He then anchored the sled firmly, and beckoning me to follow, walked towards the wounded animal.

The loose dog was circling the caribou, carefully avoiding its antlers. The caribou slowly turned, always facing the husky, and keeping it at bay. The Eskimo quietly approached the animal. He stood and aimed as if to shoot—then lowering his gun and picked up a rock weighing some six or eight pounds. Closing, he threw the rock with great force and deadly accuracy, hitting the caribou behind the ear. The animal dropped without a sound. The chase was over.

Ten minutes later, by actual timing, the caribou was skinned and eviscerated, and I was contemplating the suddenness of it all. The Eskimo is an easy-going man by nature, kind and considerate, but when the occasion warrants it he acts swiftly and decisively. His existence in the Arctic is living proof of this.

The work done, we rejoined Algona, and his wife and daughter, and I was invited to join in a *tee-toytee*, a cup of tea. The Eskimos love drinking tea and consume it hot and sweet. The sugar pot was passed round, the same spoon serving for us all. This means that the last one helps himself to wet, lumpy sugar—which sweetens tea just as well, so why worry? Since there is no finer host than the Eskimo, I have yet to be the last one to have tea at a *tee-toytee*. Food was produced from one of the sleds, and we all sat back to enjoy a meal of dried (raw) caribou ribs, and bannock. Silently, I calculated the chances of getting a tapeworm from the raw meat. Nonetheless, I enjoyed the meal, for I was extremely hungry. Falling off sleds is tiring work.

At last we made ready for the homeward journey. The skinned caribou were tied securely on the sleds, and the hides spread over them to form a comfortable seat. I sat myself on top, determined not to walk one step of the way home. This would give the dogs about ten miles to reflect upon the indignities I had suffered at their hands, or rather paws. We jogged along at an easy pace, the sun shining down from a clear sky, its glare reflected from the ice and snow, making goggles imperative.

The old lady slices off a tasty mouthful.

I was just having a quiet snooze—no doubt to the disgust of the huskies—when we arrived home. We were greeted by the smiling faces of the women and children, who made short work of unloading the sleds and tying down the dogs for the night. My friends were too polite to relate my various mishaps in my presence, even though they would be speaking in Eskimo, of which I understand very little. They will go to great lengths to avoid embarrassing a guest. A short while later however I heard roars of laughter coming from one of the tiny houses; the stories were obviously losing nothing in the telling.

The oldest woman in the camp, a venerable and active lady of some 70 years or more, provided the final eye-opener of the day for me—and another chuckle for the Eskimos. She picked up a large piece of fresh meat, and cut off a choice piece. Then, gripping it with her few remaining teeth, she cut off a tasty mouthful, her curved ulu (woman's knife) slicing through the meat about half an inch from her nose. Three chews—a gulp—and it was gone . . . And so was I . . . .

All in all it was a memorable day for me. A few years from now, there may be no more black-haired, smiling people living in the barrens. The Eskimo children are developing a taste for the Kabloona's way of life, and the eternal struggle for existence on the bleak, yet beautiful Barren Lands, will become a thing of the past. I hope that their philosophy will live on. If the Eskimo has food and good health he is happy. They share their all, in times of plenty and in famine. They never discipline their children, the environment does it for them. They are worthy of our respect. I feel privileged to know them.

Before going to bed, I decided to have a last look round. Mother nature was providing a most beautiful sunset, the few scattered clouds painted blood red. Slowly the first blue shades of night spread across the sky, a backdrop for the stars so soon to follow.

Then I saw Algona. He was sitting on a snowdrift, quite motionless, watching the play of colours in the sky, and completely unaware of my presence. He was lost in contemplation of the land he loves, his eyes reflecting the glow of the evening. A portrait of complete content.

Slowly he looked up, and saw me. "*Nogoyoch*" (it is good), he said, and smiled. It was indeed, good. ◆

Game warden McCauley (left) and the author (right) with Pellatt Lake Eskimos who wear fine caribou clothing.

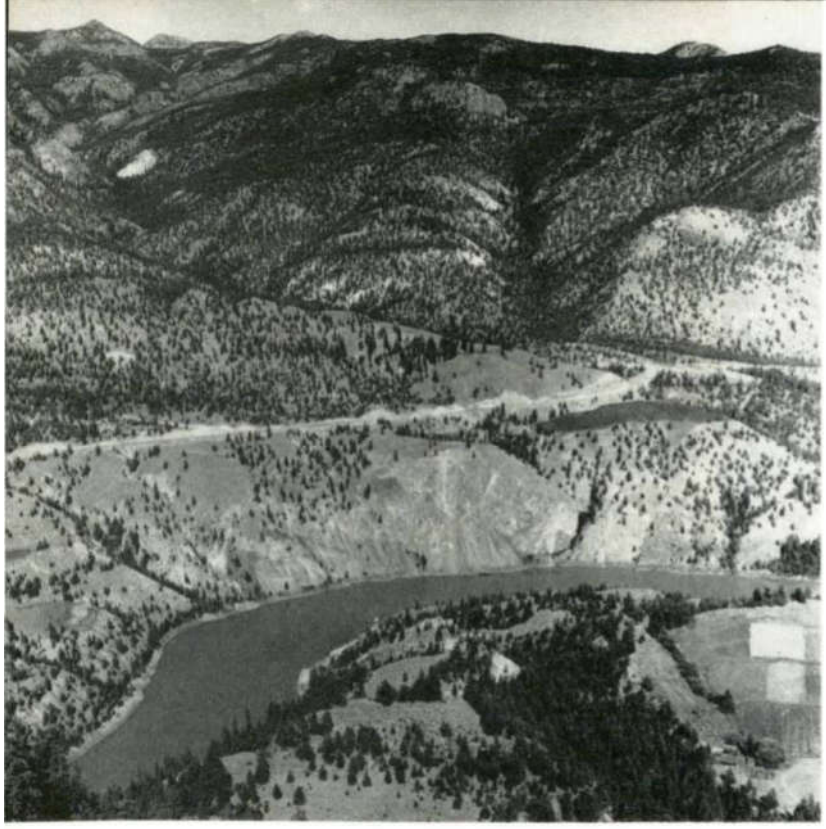


Fig. 1. The Lochnore-Nesikep locality looking east towards the Interior Plateau. The Fraser River flows from left to right. In the foreground is the Nesikep Creek fan; opposite Nesikep Creek in the centre right are the various sites around Lochnore Creek.

Photographs by the author unless credited.

7,000 YEARS

PREHISTORY IN BRITISH COLUMBIA

BY DAVID SANGER

archaeologist with the National Museum of Canada

AS IT PASSES from Lillooet to Lytton the Fraser River rushes through a narrow valley flanked on the west by the snow-capped Coast Range Mountains, and on the east by the arid, rolling Interior Plateau of south central British Columbia. With its silty waters providing salmon, and its forested slopes supporting numerous game animals, man was attracted at an early time to the Fraser River Valley. The history of man's adaptation to this storied valley has been the object of several years' archaeological investigation.

In 1961 my wife and I conducted a site survey in the Fraser Valley between Lytton and Lillooet. The purpose of that exploration was to find and record archaeological sites for future excavation. Not unexpectedly, we discovered the majority of sites around the confluences of tributary creeks and the Fraser River. Here, on built-up fan deposits, windborne sands and silts provided ideal living sites where the Indians could readily excavate their underground houses. Here too, we located a number of cemeteries, frequently associated with village sites. Although the number of sites was impressive, it soon became obvious that 19th century placer miners, highway construction, and agriculture had taken a heavy toll.

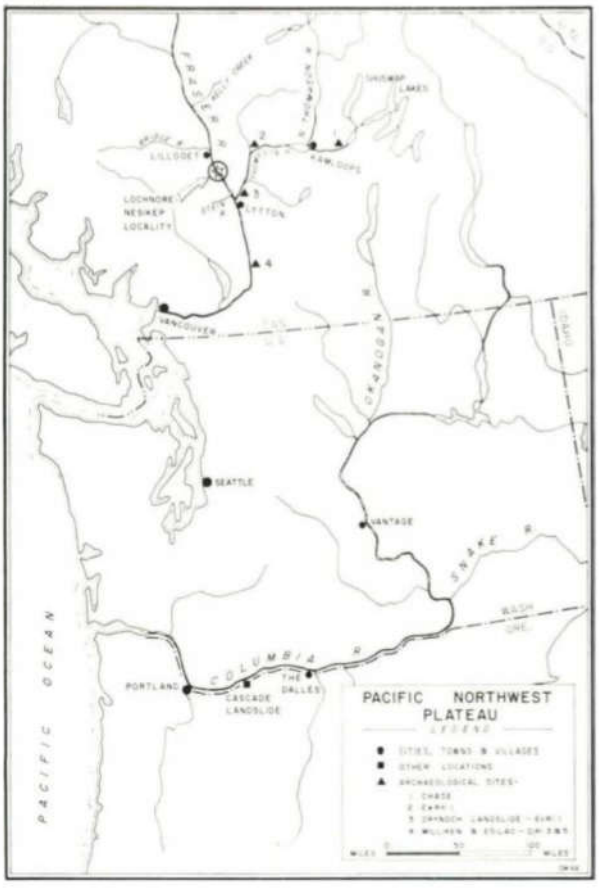
From the records of explorers such as Simon Fraser and early non-Indian residents like James Teit, we know that Lytton and Lillooet were great Indian centres. Unfortunately, the same strategic features which appealed to the Indians also suited the early White settlers, and as a consequence little remains of the once extensive Indian encampments. Between Lytton and Lillooet we encountered concentrations of aboriginal settlements five miles south of Lillooet on the ranch of Mr D. C. Jones, and in the region of the two creeks forming the Lochnore-Nesikep Locality (Figs. 1 and 2). One of the most favoured spots was around the mouth of the Stein River, five miles upstream from Lytton on the west bank of the Fraser. Here, within a radius of three-quarters of a mile, we found four villages, three cemeteries, an extensive rock wall of pictographs or paintings, and a petroglyph. One of the sites, a large village of more than thirty houses, had a special interest as Simon Fraser's party probably walked through it on 19 June 1808. Unfortunately, this site has since been bulldozed to form a parking lot for anglers.

The following summer my wife and I, in the company of three others, excavated the Nesikep Creek site in the

Lochnore-Nesikep Locality. Our efforts were rewarded by the discovery of seven superimposed living levels, called components of the site, encompassing over 6,000 years of prehistory. In the summer of 1964 a crew of ten excavated numerous other sites in the immediate vicinity. Our work was sponsored primarily by the National Museum of Canada, with substantial assistance from the University of British Columbia, the University of Washington, and the Province of British Columbia. The collections, which amount to over 8,000 specimens, are now housed in the National Museum of Canada; a representative collection will be returned to the British Columbia Provincial Museum in Victoria.

Data are accumulating to suggest that by 7000 B.C. to 8000 B.C., the great Cordilleran ice sheet had retreated sufficiently for plants, and perhaps animal life, to become established in south central British Columbia; there is currently no reason to suspect any human occupation during or prior to the last great ice advance, although future work could alter this picture. The earliest evidence of man in the Lytton region comes from the Drynoch Slide site (EcRi: 1 in Fig. 2), where a few artifacts, salmon and deer bones, and charcoal, come from a stratum buried beneath a massive mudslide deposit (Fig. 3). Stratified between the culture-bearing sand stratum and the mudslide is a thin layer of aeolian volcanic ash ejected by the Mt Mazama (Crater Lake) in

Fig. 2.



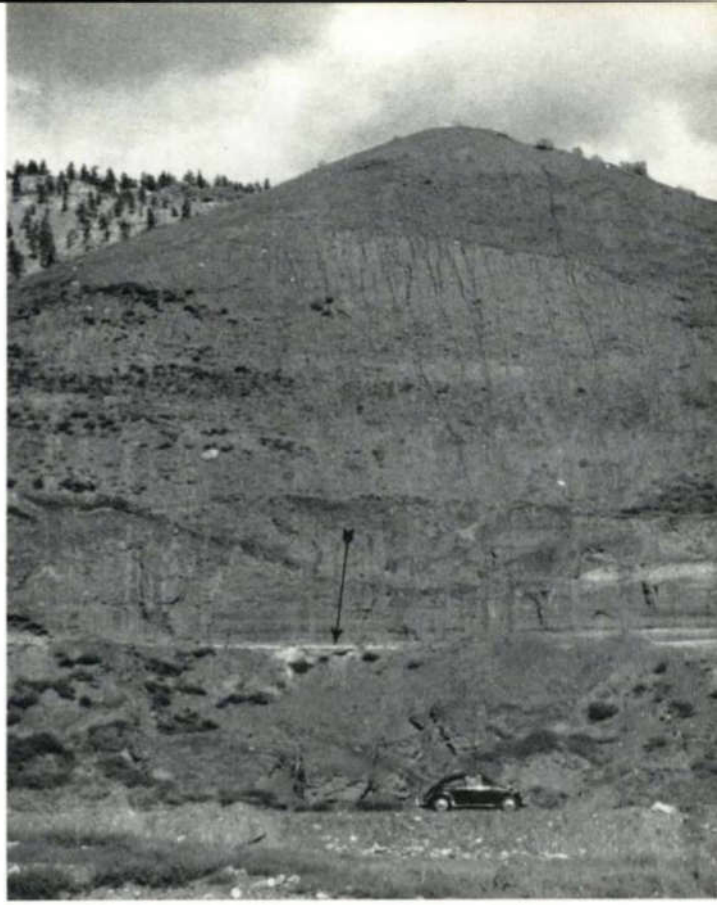


Fig. 3. The Drynoch Slide site near Lytton. Artifacts were recovered from a sand stratum beneath the volcanic ash deposit indicated by the arrow. Scale is provided by the automobile.

Oregon approximately 6,600 years ago. A radiocarbon determination on the charcoal yielded a date of 5580 B.C. At the nearby Lochnore-Nesikep Locality there are components also dating to this period.

Like all the prehistoric inhabitants in the Interior Plateau of British Columbia, the earliest people were hunters and gatherers. They used a wide range of chipped stone spear points (Fig. 10; y-jj) in the pursuit of game, most of it deer judging from the archaeological remains. The bow and arrow were unknown at that time; indeed, there was no trace of them until the Christian era. Fish, mostly salmon and the fresh water mussel, were also taken by these Indians. Of course spear points are not the only implements found in the sites. There is a wide range of cutting, scraping, perforating, and pounding tools, many of which are virtually indistinguishable from those of the later periods. Woodworking artifacts, in the form of antler wedges and reground rodent incisor teeth gouges or chisels, are noted at these early times. House remains are lacking, as are burials. Deep sea shell fish reflect trading activities. Skilfully carved bone beads and substantial pieces of red ochre suggest that some form of body or clothing decoration was practised.

Evidence from several peat bogs containing fossil pollen indicates that during much of this period (about 6000

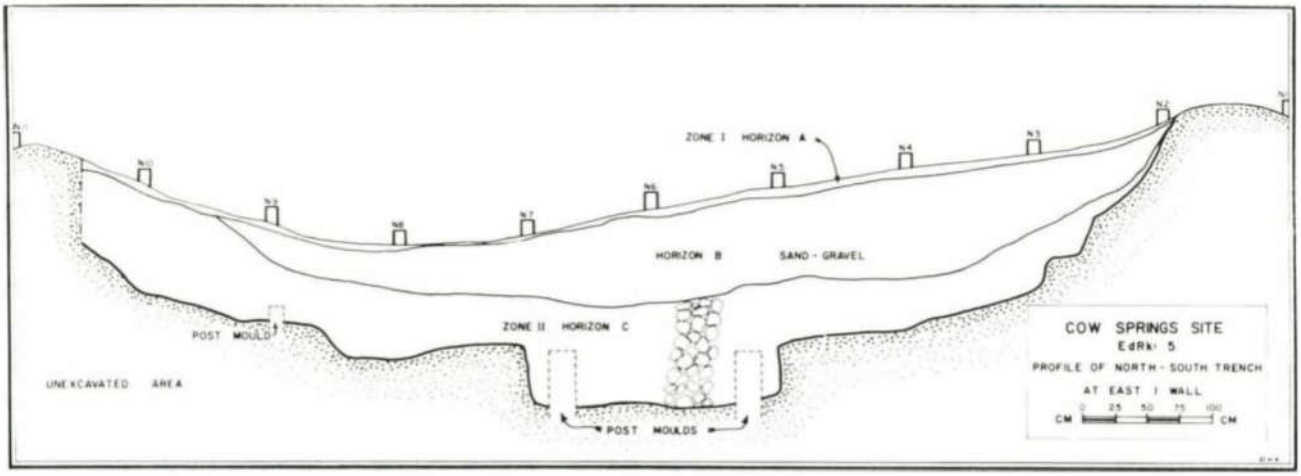


Fig. 4. Cross section of a semi-subterranean housepit. Zones I and II are habitation levels. Horizon B is sterile. The post moulds in the centre "well" represent two of the four primary upright supports of the house superstructure. (Fig. 5), a typical housepit depression at the Pine Mountain site with an exploratory trench through the centre, and (Fig. 6) completed excavation of a housepit at the Lochnore Creek site. Note the sectioned remains of a post near the sloping wall at the bottom of the house.

Fig. 5

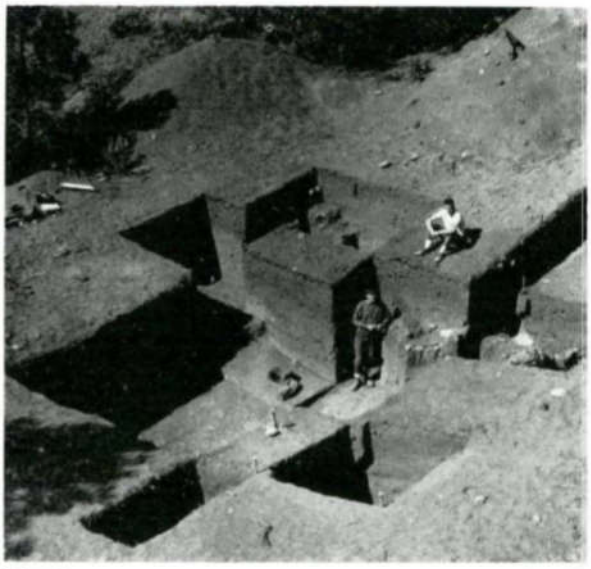


Fig. 6

B.C. to 3000 B.C.) the climate was dryer and warmer than that now found in south central British Columbia. During that climatic phase, generally known as the Hypsithermal, the present dry grass biotic zones in the interior British Columbia valleys may have extended farther up the valley walls, displacing some of the pine and Douglas fir forests. The overall effect on human populations is not clear; however, uphill migration of the bunch grasses may have provided increased grazing for some of the large mammals upon which the Indians were so dependent.

The next period (3000 B.C. to A.D. 1) is well represented in sites between Lytton and Lillooet. Typical of the earliest years of this period are medium-sized chipped stone spear points with expanding stems and frequently indented or concave bases (Fig. 10; r,s,x). Later in this period, from about 1000 B.C. to the Christian era, a variety of corner-notched (Fig. 10; l,m,n) and basal-notched points (Fig. 10; p) were present. Although they are found from the earliest times, microblades enjoyed great popularity between 3000 B.C. and the Christian era. Microblades are thin, narrow, parallel-sided flakes of stone removed from meticulously prepared cores (Fig. 11). The specialized craftmanship associated with microblade manufacture must rate with some of the most skilful stone chipping techniques ever developed. In some parts of the Old World these razor-sharp slivers of stone were set one behind the other in a row, thus creating a continuous cutting edge. Conclusive evidence for this form of hafting is as yet absent from British Columbia, although there is cause to suspect that some microblades were hafted in an old-fashioned straight pen form of

holder (Fig. 12). Single microblades attached in this fashion could have served to engrave bone or antler.

Evidence for winter houses appears about 1500 B.C. Throughout south central British Columbia a most common sight is that of shallow, circular depressions which formed the basis for semi-subterranean houses. Occasionally found alone, but more often in clusters or villages, these housepits range from twenty to eighty feet in diameter, and sometimes six or more feet in depth. Our excavations in these village sites indicates that a considerable amount of manufacturing, and perhaps general living, occurred outside the house. Considering the fact that a single opening in the roof of the house structure served as entrance, skylight, and smokehole, it came as no surprise to find evidence of much living outside the dwelling. Such villages may have housed well over a hundred individuals for the winter season. Deer and fish continued to constitute the primary protein items on the menu. We suspect that roots and berries provided an extensive vegetable portion of the diet, but such remains are lacking.

Throughout this period the climate changed slightly, and by about 1000 B.C. conditions probably approximated those known today; that is to say, hot summers, cool winters, and average annual precipitation less than fifteen inches.

The late prehistoric period (A.D. 1 to 1800) in south central British Columbia is best known from various burial site excavations, such as the 19th century work of H. I. Smith, the pioneer in British Columbia archaeology, C. E. Borden at Cache Creek (EeRh: 1 on the map—Fig. 1), and the Chase burial site east of Kamloops (see *The Beaver*, Spring 1966).

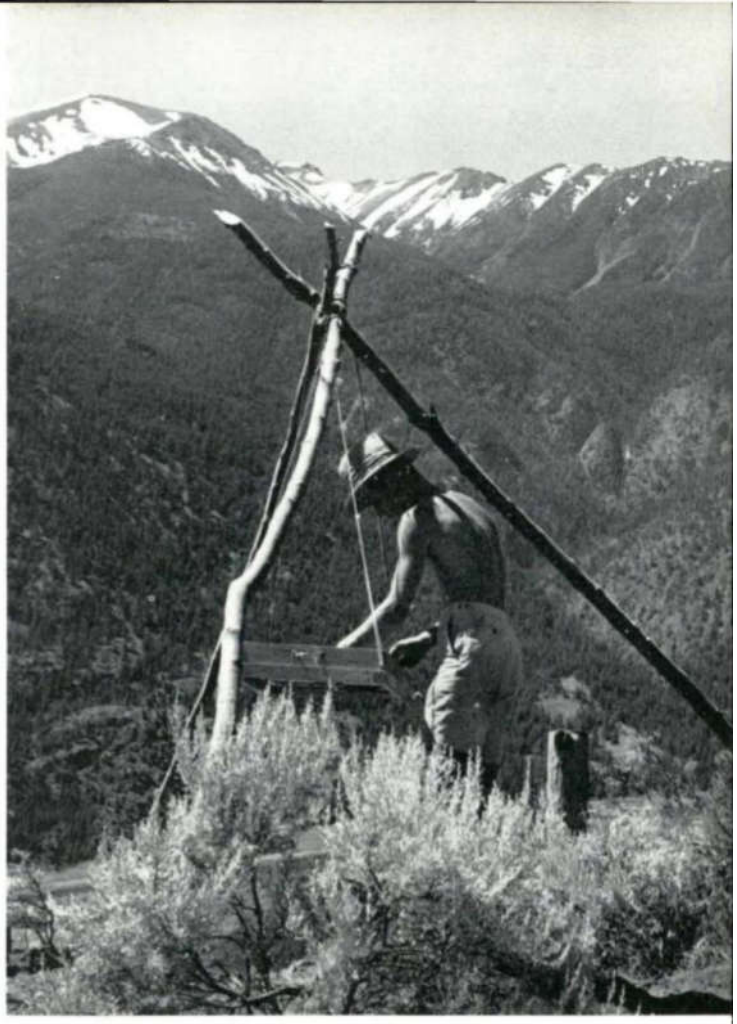
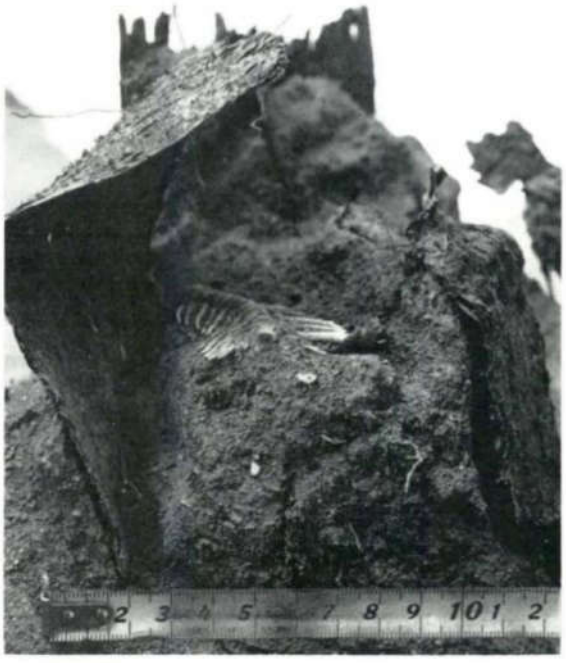


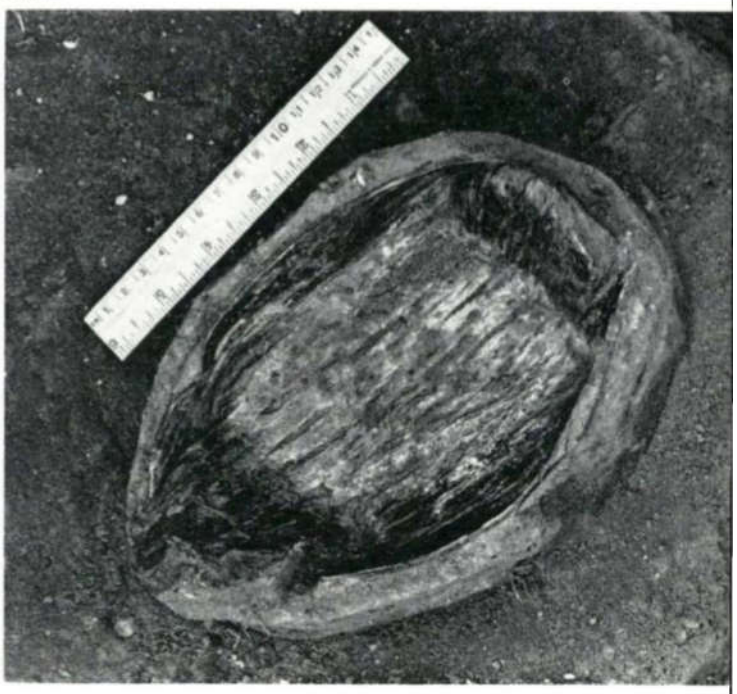
Fig. 7. Screening in the Lochnore Creek site, looking west towards the snow-capped Coast Range Mountains. All excavated material was sieved through suspended screens. (Fig. 8) Salmon vertebrae wrapped in birch bark from the bottom of a storage pit. Scale is metric. (Fig. 9) A small birch-bark container in place in an excavation. Made from a single piece of bark, the ends are slotted and folded. This example is from the Cow Springs site radiocarbon dated to A.D. 1100.

Fig. 8



M. SUTTLES PHOTO

Fig. 9



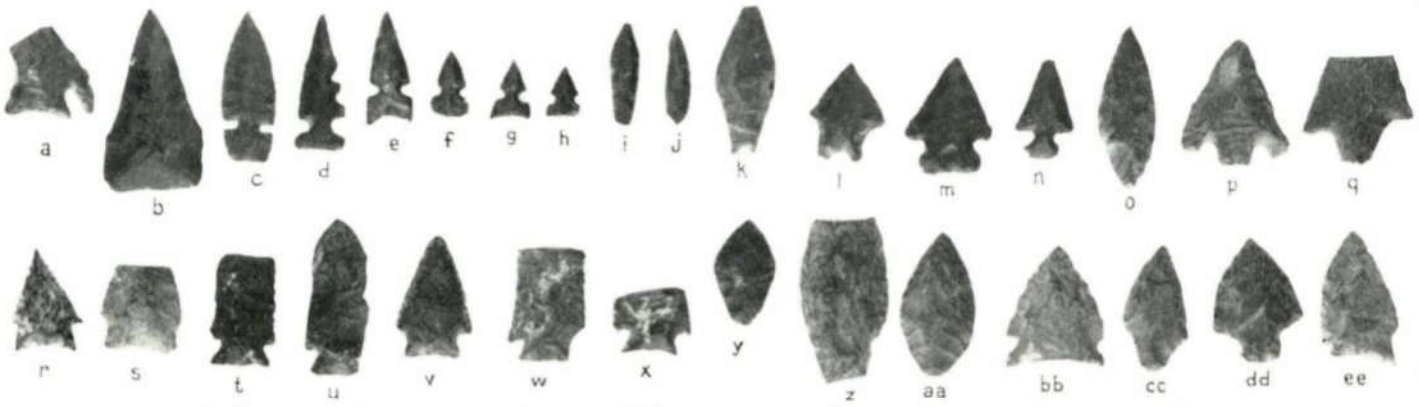


Fig. 10. Projectile points from the Lytton-Lillooet area. a-h From the late period (A.D. 1-A.D. 1800). i-q From the middle period (1500 B.C.-A.D. 1). r-x From the middle period (3000 B.C.-1500 B.C.).

During the last 2,000 years of prehistory several significant changes occurred. Many of these innovations heralded the way of life, or culture, known for the Thompson Indians in Simon Fraser's time. Among these new traits was the adoption of the bow and arrow, and with it the small, side-notched arrow point (Fig. 10; c-h). Spears were not completely discarded in favour of the smaller bow and arrow, however; for hunting goats in the mountains, the huskier spear was preferred over the more fragile bow and arrow. A few of the earlier projectile point styles persisted, but by A.D. 1200 the small side-notched arrow point was firmly established. By Kamloops phase times (1250 to 1800), this arrow point style outnumbered all other types combined. Microblades were no longer present by A.D. 500, and to date archaeologists are not satisfied that they have recognized the functional replacement.

One of the highlights of the late prehistoric time was the manufacture of the intricately carved soapstone figurines which are so highly prized by collectors. Most, if not all, of the rock paintings and carvings found in south central British Columbia were probably made during this time.

By 1800, and probably earlier, the Thompson were organized into fairly large winter villages situated by fresh drinking water and in locations sheltered from the winter winds. Early in the spring the Indians emerged from their underground houses and moved into temporary lodges. Groups journeyed to streams and lakes where trout and other lakefish could be taken, and by May, some of the vegetable foods were gathered by the women. With the onset of the warm summer months the salmon began their annual ascent of the Fraser. Salmon fishing was a cooperative effort with the men netting and spearing and the women preparing and preserving. Dried fish were frequently wrapped in birch bark and buried (Fig. 8). Following the September runs the salmon slackened and the men gathered in hunting parties in the high country to harvest deer, elk, sheep and goats. Deer were shot from ambush, guided into snares, and hunted with the assistance of dogs. Winter prompted the Thompson to retire to their pit-houses.

The results of our work in the Lytton-Lillooet area can now be summarized. The Interior Plateau of British Columbia remains one of the least known archaeologic areas in North America. Work on the Coast, particularly between Yale and Victoria, has already blocked out

Fig. 11

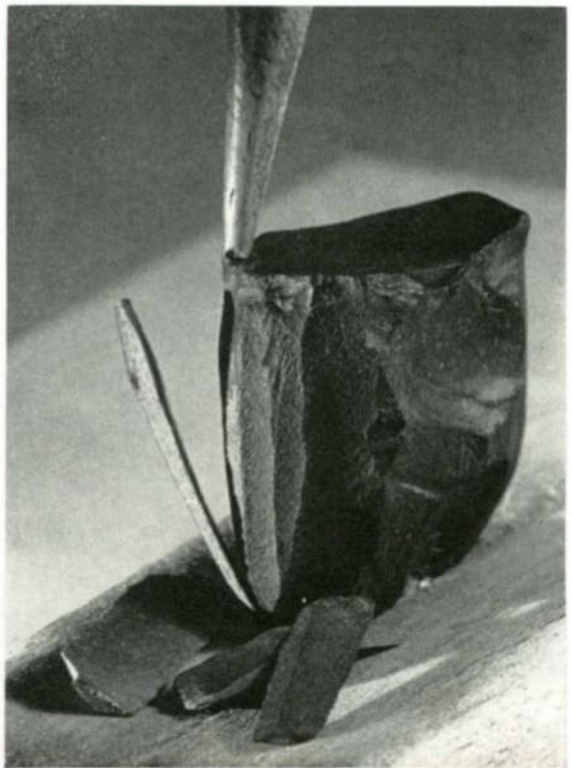
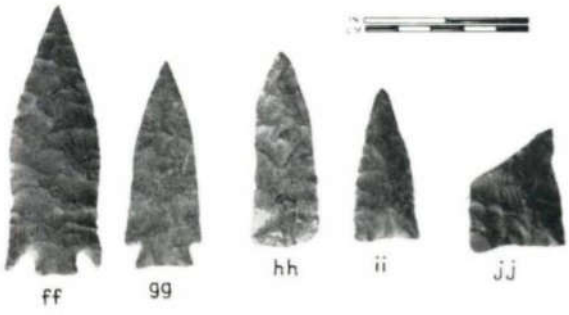


Fig. 11. Reconstructed method of detaching microblades from a core (enlarged). Pressure is applied through a bone punch removing the slender microblades.

Fig. 12. Reconstructed mode of employment. Some microblades were probably fixed in antler hafts and used for cutting and engraving. These pieces were not found together. This model is based largely on wear polish patterns observed on the ends of microblades. The haft is from deer antler modified to represent ribs and backbone of an animal.

Fig. 13. Bone carvings, about twice natural size.



NATIONAL MUSEUM COLLN.

y-jj From the early period (5000 B.C.-3000 B.C.).

the framework of the developing Northwest Coast cultures. To the south, in the Columbia Plateau, the pace of archaeological research has been greatly accelerated by the continuing construction of hydroelectric dams along the Columbia and Snake Rivers. In this latter region prehistorians have demonstrated the presence of man for 11,000 or more years. Given the interest in the prehistory of the Coast and the Columbia Plateau it is hard to understand the relative disinterest in the antiquities of the British Columbia Interior Plateau. Rich in archaeological sites, the area is known to have supported dense human populations; Simon Fraser claims to have shaken hands with 1,200 individuals at Lytton, a number considerably in excess of the present population.

The archaeologist's objective is to reconstruct, in as much detail as possible, the culture or way of life of past peoples. This includes not only the inventory of artifacts, but also types of housing, burial, social organization, and relationship to the environment. Taken together, this information is combined into the history of man's adaptation to a particular area. In our collections from the Lytton-Lillooet area we probably have represented over 7,500 years of Interior Salish Indian prehistory. Changes in the artifact inventory occur, but running as a dominant theme throughout is a basic stone chipping tradition featuring the microblade technique. In addition, we might note the highly successful adaptation to the salmon runs of the major rivers, the big game in the hills, and the abundant vegetable resources. Culture does not develop autonomously, however, and the inhabitants of the Interior Plateau were influenced in the manufacture of spear and arrow points by groups living in the Canadian Prairies. Microblades and cores are widely distributed across the Subarctic and Arctic regions, and the presence of these artifacts in south central British Columbia almost surely represents influences from the northern regions.

It is interesting to note that despite the great numbers of similarities in early historic times, the prehistoric cultures of the Interior Plateau of British Columbia differed quite substantially from those of the Columbia Plateau. The progression of spear and arrow points is completely different, the underground houses are much earlier in the Interior Plateau, and microblades are extremely scarce in the south.

There is some corroborative linguistic evidence for the differences between the prehistoric cultures of the British Columbia Plateau and those of the Columbia River Plateau. Indians along the Columbia River, with the exception of some late period migrants from British Columbia, spoke various Sahaptin languages which are related to the vast Penutian Phylum stretching to the south through the desert regions of Oregon, California, and Nevada. The Indians of south central British Columbia, on the other hand, spoke Interior Salish languages

Fig. 12

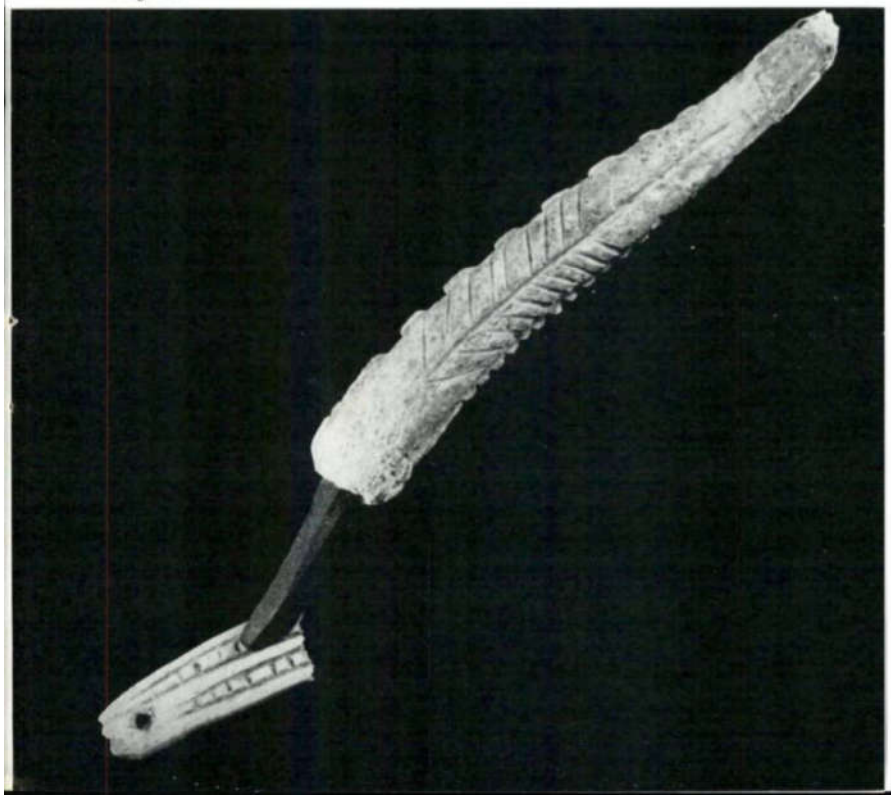
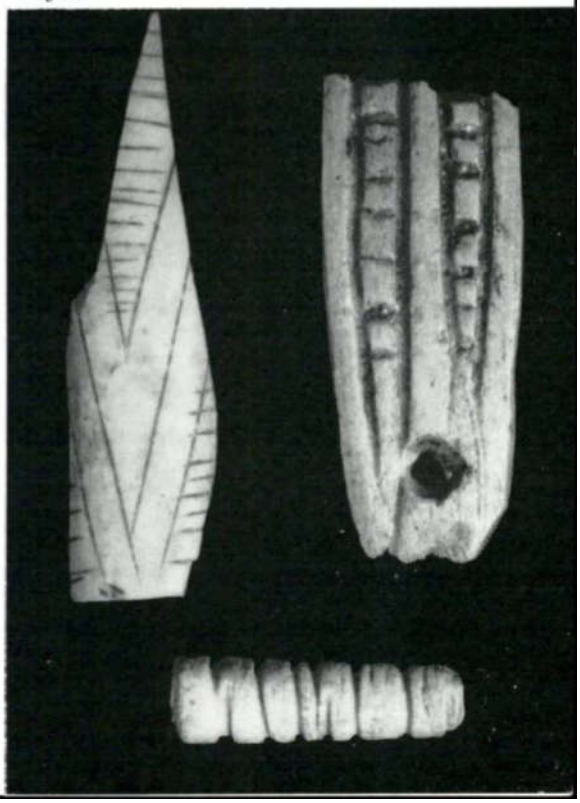


Fig. 13



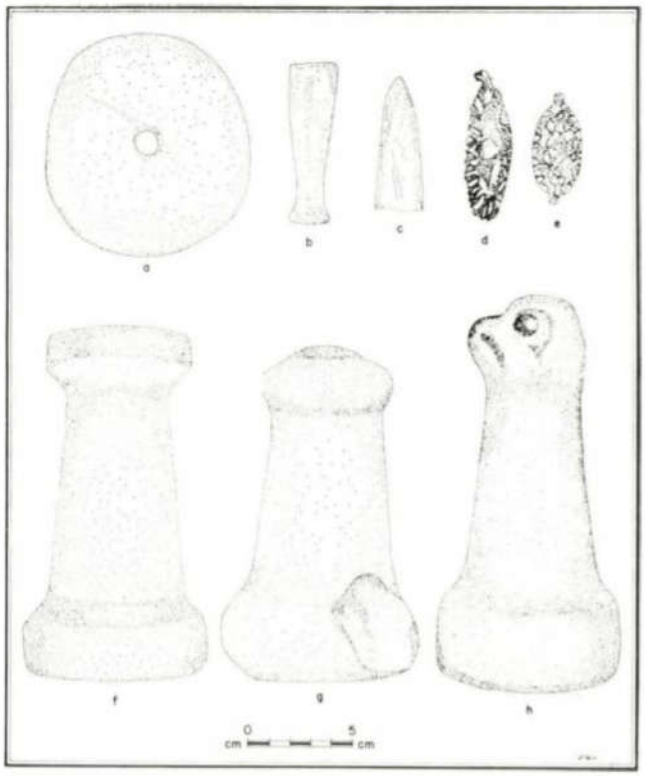


Fig. 14. Stone artifacts from various sites in the Lochnore-Nesikep locality. (a) Steatite (Soapstone) spindle whorl, (b) Steatite tubular pipe, (c) Tip of ground slate knife. (d-e) Chipped stone objects with unusual constrictions at the ends. (f-h) Stone hand mauls used in woodworking.

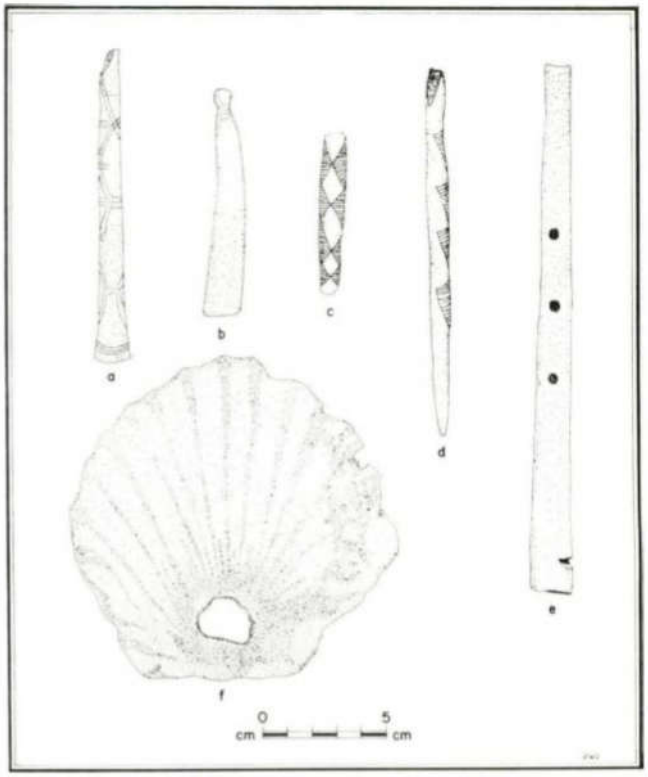
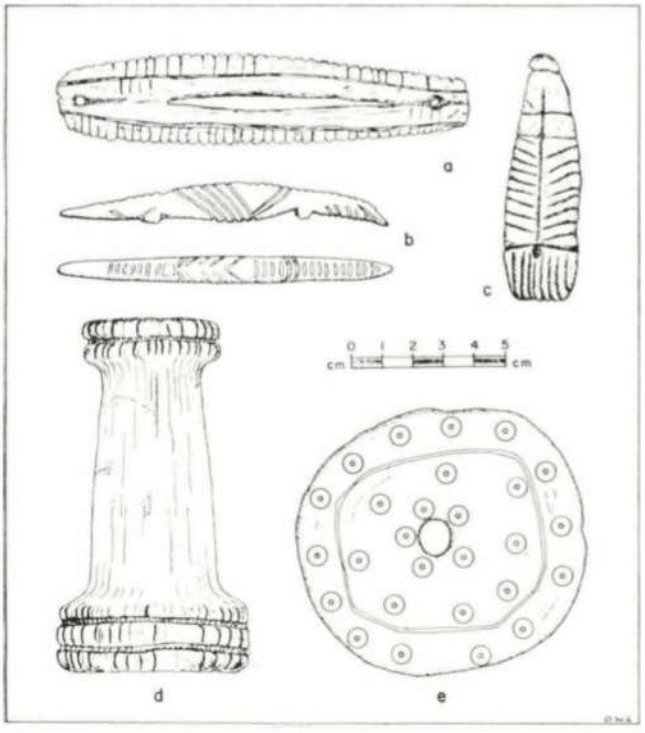


Fig. 15. Bone, antler, and shell artifacts from the same locality. (a) Segment of decorated bone awl. (b) A modified antler object—possibly a pendant. (c-d) Segments of decorated bone awls. (e) A three stop bird bone whistle. (f) A pierced scallop shell—probably part of a shell rattle.

Fig. 16. Soapstone objects from the Texas Creek Burial site south of Lillooet. (a) Two hole chest ornament. (b) Two views of mythological lizard. (c) Triangular pendant. (d) Hammer. (e) Spindle whorl.



which have been related by some linguists to an early pre-Algonkian language. Thus in language, artifacts, dwellings, and a number of social attitudes, the peoples of the middle Fraser drainage are quite distinct from the Columbia River inhabitants.

It would be a mistake, of course, to assume that no further archaeological work needs to be done in south central British Columbia. Our six years of research into the prehistory of the Interior Salish tribes has presented us with the barest outline of the events and, like most research, has raised more problems than it has solved. In the words of the distinguished historian S. E. Morison, "We are just beginning to let a little dim light down that bottomless well". The time has come, however, to refute once and for all notions of Aztec migrations through the Interior of British Columbia, or the ascription of rock paintings to mysterious travellers from another continent. Outside influences have affected the development of the culture of the Interior Plateau Salish, but the distinctive elements and combinations of elements which distinguish the Interior Plateau Salish from the Northwest Coast tribes, the Columbia River groups, and the Indians of the Canadian Prairies, must be seen as the end product of a highly successful and resourceful adaptation to the bountiful Interior Plateau. ◆

The Archdeacon and the Governor

WILLIAM COCKRAN AND GEORGE SIMPSON AT THE RED RIVER COLONY 1825-65

BY THOMAS C. B. BOON

IT IS CURIOUS, but in many respects, the history of the Northwest of Canada, once known as the Hudson's Bay Company's territory of Rupert's Land, during the period between the end of the "Fur Trade War" in 1821 and the acquisition of the territory by the Dominion of Canada in 1870, seems dominated by two men of outstanding personality and character, Sir George Simpson and Archdeacon William Cockran—to give them the titles by which they are best known.

Sir George Simpson, Governor of the Northern Department from the time of the union became Governor in Chief in 1839 and so, as A. S. Morton puts it, "held sway from the Atlantic to the Pacific over a truly continental domain". William Cockran's influence was exercised in a much smaller area, the part of the Red River-Assiniboine valleys within the "District of Assiniboia", but the boys he schooled and trained so caught his vision of what the Indian people might become that they carried what they had learnt beyond the Saskatchewan and Churchill Rivers through the Mackenzie valley to Great Bear Lake, and even over the Rockies into the valleys of the Columbia and Spokane Rivers in the present State of Washington. It is little wonder that James Hargrave wrote of him, "Mr. Cockran is universally regarded in the colony as founder of the English Church in Rupert's Land, and from the time of his arrival till 1849, when, on the formation of the diocese, individuals merge into the body, all the principal ecclesiastical business done may be said to have received its impetus from his personal energy".

Simpson was ten years older than Cockran. Both men attained the peak of their careers when in their fifties. Simpson as Governor in Chief in 1839, knighted in 1841; Cockran, as first Archdeacon of Assiniboia in the great diocese of Rupert's Land, at the end of 1853, who has been excelled by none of his successors as "the eyes of the bishop". Eden Colvile, indeed, complained that he was "very troublesome", and that "Bishop Anderson gives readily in to any scheme put into his head by Cockran".

Both the Governor and the Archdeacon gave the best forty years of their lives to Northwest America. Simpson, with all the resources of the Honourable Company to back him, had the wider immediate influence, is the better known, and his papers are now treasured historical documents. Cockran never saw England again after he left its shores on 4 June 1825 and, except when driven by health to spend a couple of winters in Toronto, seems only once to have got much outside the District of Assiniboia when in 1850 it is possible he went as far as Fort Ellice, near the junction of the Qu'Appelle and Assiniboine rivers, searching for a site for a new mission station.

Differing considerably in build each man was tough, physically and mentally, in his own way; each could act authoritatively or diplomatically as it best seemed to serve the situation of the moment to gain a desired end. Simpson, entirely devoted to the welfare of the fur trade and the interests of the Company, recognized no superior but the Governor and Committee in London. Cockran, equally devoted to a comprehensive Christian ministry which included body and soul, in which "piety and industry" were interlocked, acknowledged no other authority than the God he tried to serve, and did not hesitate to tell the Church Missionary Society in London (or anyone else) what should be done to solve the problems of its mission field here, nor flinch from letting his Bishop know when he disagreed with him.

Much has been written of Governor Simpson, little of the Archdeacon. A very brief, rather pietistic but inadequate "Life" of Cockran was published in the early seventies. Sheriff Colin Inkster (1843-1934) of Manitoba, remembering him as a conspicuous local figure in his own boyhood days, has left a reminiscent account of him as a personality; and Alfred Garrioch (1848-1934) who grew up there as a boy, has written appreciatively of him in the early days of Portage la Prairie, Manitoba. There is no contemporary picture of him.

William Cockran disliked keeping a diary, the required daily routine of those in charge of H B C Posts and C.M.S. Mission Stations, blandly remarking after he was joined at St Andrew's by Abraham Cowley in 1841, that he was leaving the diary business to the new arrival, as he himself was often too busy and too tired at the end of the day to make entries; and after 1846 he apparently ceased to try. He did, however, write voluminous letters

Dr Boon is archivist to the Ecclesiastical Province of Rupert's Land and author of "The Anglican Church from the Bay to the Rockies."

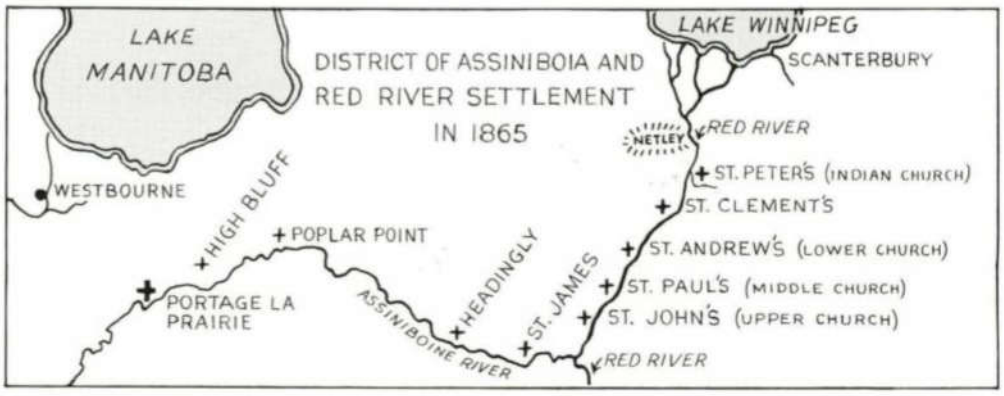
A likeness of William Cockran drawn by E. F. Gibson based on photographs of relatives and descriptions by friends, its fidelity confirmed by those who knew Cockran.

every year to the Society's secretary in which he recounts his labours, spiritual and material, and comments with great freedom upon the affairs of the colony, and on the conduct of his colleagues—often suggesting what the Society might do to correct the errors of these gentlemen, without involving him in the matter. Much of what he wrote about the Indian people is true today, and had this material been available to those of later generations entering this field, both Church and State might have avoided many of the difficulties which have arisen in this area of Canadian life during the last hundred years. He rarely mentions family or financial matters except when it is unavoidable, and is only concerned with himself in so far as it affects the work which is the centre of his life.

William Cockran was recommended to the Church Missionary Society in March, 1824 by a Mr Brooks, then vicar of Clarborough, near East Retford (a town on the borders of Nottinghamshire and Lincolnshire in the Trent valley), who says his candidate is a "Scotchman, and a Presbyterian, bred to agriculture" and describes him personally as rather a rough kind of character. Cockran's own letter of application to the Society, dated 24 June 1824, says that he was born in Chillingham, Northumberland; that since 1820 he had been living at Retford, where he had a brother who was farming, but had left this occupation to take the school at Ordsall (a village just outside the town) in order to have time to "improve himself"; he desired to become a "missionary to the heathen". In his work of improving himself it is evident that he had received much help from Mr Brooks.

The "Life", already mentioned, states that Cockran's application was declined, but the Committee kept in touch with him because of his knowledge of agriculture, and later offered him the management of a "large tract of land which the Queen of Travancore had ceded for the use of the Missionary College at Cottoyan". To the surprise of the Society, Cockran promptly and decisively declined, because he would be debarred from ever working as an evangelist. This action, and its reason, so astonished Edward Bickersteth, newly appointed Secretary of the C.M.S., that an interview was arranged at which, according to Mr Brooks, "Bickersteth fell in love with the earnest-minded youth". Cockran was accepted on six months probation, duly made deacon and priest by the Bishop of London, and sailed for York Factory on 4 June 1825 with Mrs Cockran and their son, Thomas, born the previous January 6th. When he sailed, William Cockran began his official connection with the Honourable Company, for he was appointed as "Assistant Chaplain" as from June 1st, and so signs himself until he was promoted Chaplain in 1840, after the return of David Jones to England.

Mr and Mrs Cockran arrived at the Red River Settlement on October 1st, and thereupon took up residence as teachers in the Church Missionary Society School, then under the direction of Mr Jones. The spring of 1826 was the one of the great flood, which produced much hardship for all settlers who, at the end of a hard winter, were already short of grain for food and seed; Cockran resolved not to be subjected to this experience again. He had found the methods of cultivating the Church-school land wasteful, costing twice as much as the value of the products derived from it. He had some disagreement in the matter with his senior, David Jones, but finally took over the superintendency of all farming operations on the understanding that he, Cockran, would pay half the cost and take half the product. On 3 August 1829 he sent a lengthy letter to the Society, reporting that the amount of land under cultivation had been quadrupled to twelve acres, and the ground improved by the construction of a drainage ditch 800 yards long, fenced on top to bar cattle raiding the land within. Older boys in the school were doing some of the work, gaining experience in handling farm instruments, and



Churches of the Diocese of Rupert's Land in Red River area 1865.

Opposite page: Middle Church, the second St. Paul's built in 1844 of local clay-brick.

thus acquiring useful training in agriculture. He defended his work and policy with vigour; "Unless we make our people diligent in business, they will never become fervent in spirit. Unless we prove to men by our example that godliness is profitable in all things . . . how can we expect them to believe us. Let it not be thought that it detracts from the dignity of a clergyman in Red River to be found holding the plough, it increases his value." He goes on to enlarge upon the necessity of "Religion and Industry" in life, as the two essentials of prosperity—"Now in a country like Red River in which both these wheels are standing, the minister's shoulder must be at them both to give them motion".

William Cockran records meeting George Simpson on 1 June 1829; he was then the sole missionary in the Red River Settlement, Mr Jones not having returned from his year's furlough in England. It would seem to be the first time the two men met each other. The entry reads: "Found the Governor exceedingly obliging, and willing to further the views of the Church Missionary Society as it respects the Indian School. He informed me of the necessity of the two [Indian] boys from the Columbia visiting their parents, that all suspicions concerning their welfare might be removed. The proposal was, of course, agreed to on my part, on condition that if the boys wished to return next spring to receive more instruction they might be allowed, so that in the end they might be better able to instruct their countrymen in the knowledge of the truth. Governor Simpson expressed his appreciation of the external appearance of the boys and the manner they had conducted themselves in his presence."

The boys were Spokane Garry and Kootenay Pelly, whose education at the C.M.S. school at Red River had been arranged by Simpson himself in 1825. Both returned in 1830, and they brought back five other boys from the coastal tribes. Spokane Garry lived to be a notable character in the history of the Columbia river country, and the protagonist of his people.

This school, which was commenced in 1820 by John West, the first chaplain to the Hudson's Bay Company and the first Anglican missionary at Red River, increased in size during its first ten years, and also provided education for the children of the Selkirk Settlers. In 1832 it was reported as having 24 Indian children supported by the C.M.S. and 38 of those of local settlers; the latter were received at a nominal fee, often paid in kind.

The problem of an increasing number of "retired gentlemen" of the Company settling in the neighbourhood of the "Grand Rapids" (St Andrew's), and the tendency of the Netley Creek Indians to drift into the main settlement, which was causing some concern, must have been discussed between the two chaplains before Jones went to England in 1828, for on 10 February 1829 Jones wrote a letter to the C.M.S. in which he refers to the "necessity of working co-operatively with the H B C people and suggest the possibility of Mr. Cockran establishing an Indian mission between Jackfish Creek and Netley Creek, where land is arable". Cockran did move to the "Grand Rapids" as soon as Jones returned in 1829, but it took him nearly two years to settle himself there, and to start building the first "Lower Church" in 1831, having previously got a school "under way".

10 October 1831 "Left home early to accompany Mr. Jones to Fort Garry. Our purpose to get the permission of Governor Simpson, to allow me to commence an experimental farm at Netley Creek, in the vicinity of the Indian summer encampment. The whole scheme to be so executed as to induce the Indians to employ their leisure time in spring and summer in raising grain and potatoes to ameliorate their starving condition in the winter. I am happy to say, that as soon as the subject was introduced to the Governor, he assured us at once, that it met with his most cordial approbation. And he freely and fully authorized me to make use of any means whatever, which were most likely to succeed in ameliorating their condition."

Four days later, Cockran, always a man of action, started for Netley Creek to look for land there and consult Chief Peguis, but had only got about a third of the way when he met the Chief, who informed him that he was on his way to receive presents from the Governor that day, and that those he was accustomed to consult on matters of importance were away hunting; for the time this ended it. However on Sunday, October 16th, the old Chief turned up at the Lower Church after service all ready to discuss the matter, but it being a Sunday Mr Cockran "refused to talk on temporal things". Chief Peguis seems to have camped there for the night, for

MANITOBA ARCHIVES

Cockran says he came to breakfast with him in the morning, and recounts in detail the proposals he put before the Indian leader, all of which were eventually carried out after the location was changed from Netley Creek to Cook's Creek, some miles further up the river. At the moment the Chief thanked him, but said that he had been so often deceived by heartening promises that he now looked on all overtures of kindness with some suspicion. To this Cockran made a long and spirited reply, and on October 28th went to see the Chief again, when another very lengthy discussion took place between them. With the winter arriving no more could be done; Cockran stayed at the "Grand Rapids", conducting the school and pressing on with the "equipment" for the first Lower Church.

On 2 February 1832 Cockran met the Chief again and agreement was reached on the commencement of a farm at Netley Creek, where work was begun on May 3rd. This year proved a bad one for the farmers in the Red River Settlement, whose hopes were ended by a heavy frost on August 28th. The Chief looked upon the failure as a judgement for deserting the hunting habits of his forefathers, until he was shown that everybody had suffered. Another try was made at Netley Creek in 1833, but by June 20th Cockran had concluded that the land there was too near the lake level and the arable part too small in size "to form an increasing Indian settlement upon". Apparently he had gone down the river by canoe, for he says "Fell in with a very convenient spot . . . where there is a large creek . . . the bank is high, therefore the ground is capable of improvement, the swamps might be drained into the creek". There was also an ample supply of poplar for winter fuel. Again he discussed the problem with Chief Peguis (on July 4th) and finally the Chief said that he thought well of the new site and would support him. By August 7th, Cockran had got a house (30 ft by 40 ft) half-built at Cook's Creek, which was designed to be a school and store. The school was opened in October, and on December 11th a weekly meeting for the parents was begun. The Indian Settlement was well on its way.

William Cockran's letters to the Church Missionary Society, over the first six years after he went to the "Grand Rapids", are always long, and very often repetitious—spinning around the schools and church at the Rapids, pietistic reflections in the true Victorian manner and (especially) the Indian settlement at Cook's Creek. On 23 October 1834 he wrote to the Society more particularly about the latter, obviously in much annoyance: "I am sorry to relate that I am prohibited to proceed with the Indian settlement, fell in with Governor Simpson as I passed the New Fort (Lower Fort Garry). He walked down with me about two miles, during which period the location of the Indians was the principal topic, in winding up the discussion, he told me that the land on which I had commenced the Indian settlement was colony property, and under the direction of the executors of Lord Selkirk, and that he, as agent for the said executors, would not tolerate the location of Indians upon it. A great deal was said by both, he maintaining the sovereignty of the Hon. H.B. Company, and I the claim of a missionary, who sought only the glory of God and the amelioration of the human race. Finding however, that he would not give such consent to allow me to proceed, I desired him to state in writing, how far he would allow me to go on with the work, and define the liberties he would grant me as a missionary. Then I should be able to judge whether I could do my duty. If I found the toleration granted, was not sufficient to enable me to prosecute the civilization, and instruction of the heathen, I would write to the Committee of the Church Miss. Society and they could use their influence with the Committee of the Hon'ble Hudson's Bay Company to grant the necessary toleration.

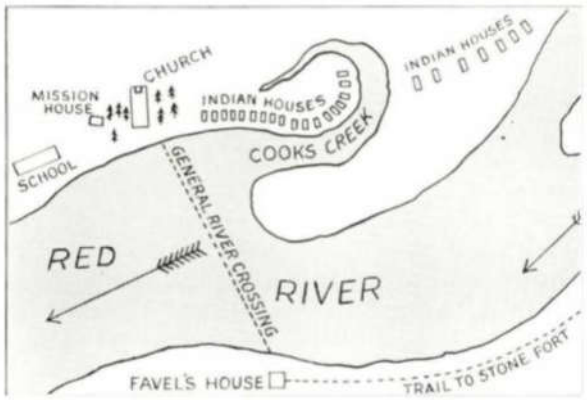
"The Governor would not state in writing the extent that he would allow me to proceed and he prevented me from pressing the subject by saying, Come let us drop this subject and talk over some other that is more agreeable

"I have spent two evenings with him since this happened. His Fort lays in my route to the Indian settlement, and as I am generally returning late about his supper time, he never fails to invite me to sup with him, when he is at home, and he orders my horse a feed of corn at the same time. Thus he continues his civilities as usual, which almost makes me think that I shall be allowed to proceed with the Indian settlement. He knows perfectly well that I have not recalled any of the workmen employed at the Indian settlement, and that we are enlarging the cultivation the same as if nothing had happened. If these civilities are continued with the idea of wiping off any bad impressions which the conversation might have upon my mind then toleration would be continued, and I should be allowed to go on as usual. But should they be continued with a view to soften me down as a careless missionary, with an expectation that I will sicken of constant toil and disappointment. [*sic*] For I observed our conversation both evenings turned upon the ingratitude of the natives, and the difficulty of keeping a benevolent feeling towards those who continually disgust with the basest ingratitude."

The situation was embarrassing to the ardent missionary; he felt stymied. Under a pledge of confidence he communicated what had happened to David Jones, John

The Indian Settlement and the church built by Cockran, in 1837, the year it was opened; it was a white-painted wooden building with cupola over the entrance.

Below, copy of a sketch map in the same year of the village at Cook's Creek by the Rev. D. T. Jones.



Pritchard and John Macallum, and told the Society that he kept the prohibition in secret "to leave the Governor room to retreat, he has often done us a great deal of good, and can still give us much assistance". In phrases of Biblical piety he indicated to the Society that they were praying "for redress on this subject", and adds "This is all we can do! But you can do more, you have access to the Honourable Committee of the H.B. Company and Henry Berens, Esqre., though his influence may not be great yet it will assist . . . You would oblige your unworthy servant, and further interest of the Church of Christ, if you could gain such toleration as follows, viz: that I am allowed to locate, civilize and instruct any Indian or Indians who may choose to put themselves under my direction upon the Red River, between Sugar Point and Lake Winnipeg".

Cockran, at this point, astutely adds a further suggestion. He has been informed that the Company's application for a renewal of its licence, from the British Government, to trade on the Pacific coast is under consideration. "During the time they are negotiating it is very desirable that they should be bound by their licence to give missionaries the privilege of establishing Indian villages and all schools in all parts of Rupert's Land which is found eligible, i.e., wherever the land is susceptible to improvement, and a sufficient quantity of provisions can be collected from Nature, or raised from the ground to support the inhabitants." He adds information about the possibility of this, the necessity of doing so now, or their missionaries will be for the next twenty years, as in the forty past—"always in suspense." As he draws near to the end of this topic he adds "I would have written more fully, but one sheet is all that I can get folded. The Governor two days ago made me a present of an elegant Bible and Prayer Book for use of the Church at the Rapids. This will do away with the necessity of getting me one from England". The letter ends with the details of the arrangements made between himself and Jones respecting the services at the three churches and the Indian mission, necessary due to conditions of travel through the bush trails, and asks for the Society's decision by the "Spring Packet". Cockran hopes that he has made himself clear, but he has a severe cold and headache. The letter is marked as being received in London in April 1835—here the whole matter seems to have dropped. Cockran continued to foster the work at the Indian Settlement, and in 1836 was busy building the first church there. Simpson, now living at Lachine, by Montreal, was only occasionally at the Red River, and the meetings of the two men thereafter seem to have been casual and rare.

In spite of the apparent progress of the work of the Church Missionary Society along the Red River, William

Cockran took a rather gloomy view of the affairs of the district as time went on. Due to family circumstances arising out of the death of Mrs Jones in October 1836, David Jones was going back to England in the summer of 1838; partly, too, as Cockran wrote to the Society on August 4th that year, "In hope of getting some of the impediments removed which have retarded the growth of the Gospel . . . he will be able to prove the adversion of the Company to civilization and Christianity. The exclusion of European immigrants, the preventing any servant coming to the Settlement unless he purchases land, a reduction of all country produce in price while they increase the price of land, and reduce the lots from ten chains to six in breadth, the exclusion of the Indians from coming to the settlement and many other things, convince every reflecting mind that they say in their hearts, Rupert's Land shall remain as far as they are concerned in a state of heathenism and barbarism."

Cockran customarily wrote several letters for despatch by the summer packet, sometimes they carry the same date, but more often those of consecutive days. 1838 is no exception. On August 3rd he had written to the Society pointing out some of the difficulties to be contended with in his work, the need of the four congregations for three effective teachers, and for the Indian Settlement "a pious, zealous, humble, patient, industrious and persevering young man . . .and [if they could send such a man] you will confer benefit such as never fell to the lot of an Indian family through their whole intercourse with European traders. Should the Directors of the Hudson's Bay Company be stiff, ask them if they can prove they have ameliorated the condition of one Indian family through the whole traffic of one hundred and fifty years. They have depopulated the country and impoverished it . . .".

This criticism is a personal opinion of his own, unjustified by the record, but may reflect the current gossip of the neighbourhood, or the thinking of a lonely and rather introspective man. In the summer of 1839 (August 2nd) Cockran writes again of the appointment of Smithurst, the condition of the Indian Settlement, and then goes on to urge the immediate occupation of Cumberland House as a mission station. But after receiving his mail on August 7th, and discovering that his new colleague is to be placed at the Indian Settlement for the winter, he becomes very indignant because it will leave him in sole charge of the three older churches. Cockran is still more incensed to find that the Society has made no protest at privileges being given to members of other denominations, which have never been available to Anglicans, with a consequent curtailment of their work. In calling on the Society to treat his opinions with more respect, and listen to the advice he gives, he remarks "You must remember that I am not a religious adventurer". When next he wrote, however, on November 12th, Smithurst had arrived, agreement had been reached on the sharing of the services at the various points, and all was well again.

On 5 January 1839 David Jones notified the Church Missionary Society he would be unable to return to the Red River Settlement, and on the 23rd sent his resignation of the chaplaincy to the Company. It was natural that Cockran should be asked, at first informally, to accept the chaplaincy. On 4 March 1840 he was so appointed by the London Committee. He did not accept. His health had been troubling him for three years, and if he could not perform the duties the congregations of the Upper and Middle Churches (to whom he pays high tribute) would suffer; and if it was found that he had accepted the post from "base motives" his own reputation would be gone—besides he would be living fifteen miles away—"Let me beg the favour of tendering my warmest thanks for the kind intentions of the Hon'ble gentlemen of the Committee, at the same time to express that conscience, a sense of duty, an incapacity to perform the duties of the office compel me to decline the acceptancy of it." He adds, "This same offer came to me in the summer of '39 when Governor Simpson visited the country, and the acceptance declined for the same reasons given in the above letter. I am sorry to say that this worthy gentleman in studying to improve my temporal services, forgets the spiritual disadvantages to which a large portion of the Settlement would be subjected. Apparently Governor Simpson cannot comprehend my scruples, I hope the Secretaries of the Church Missionary Society will enter into them fully." However by June 24th a compromise has been effected, "To prevent discontent arising in the Upper Congregation upon disappointments, etc. . . . I have prevailed on Mr. Smithurst to take the Sunday duties at the Rapids. Thus saving me time to perform the duties of the Upper and Middle Churches and to receive the extra 50£ which is granted. Thus sharing the reward and also the guilt, of holding offices involving duties too onerous to perform in such a way as to meet the approbation of conscience."

For the next few years Cockran's letters are of a less controversial nature. The arrival of Abraham Cowley in 1841 was welcomed, but did not bring much relief—he was only in deacon's orders, had a weak voice and his ordination by the Bishop of Montreal (G. J. Mountain) in some way roused the ire of the "Recorder", Adam Thom, so it was considered expedient to send him to open a new mission at Manitoba House, which has eventually become the Fairford, Manitoba one of today.

The arrival of James Hunter at The Pas in 1844 lifted a load from Cockran's mind, but now he is becoming concerned about a missionary being sent to Beaver Creek (later replaced by Fort Ellice). He says nothing about the building of the new Middle Church (a distinctly local effort) opened in 1844 and little about the visit of the Bishop of Montreal to the Red River Settlement the same summer, though the possibility of there being a resident Bishop there gives him quite a thrill, as it would settle most of his own problems; and he recounts the plans for the commencement of the new stone church at the "Grand Rapids", which a century later (as St. Andrew's) is his own best known memorial, though these did not materialize until the spring of 1845, as it had taken some months to gather and prepare material.

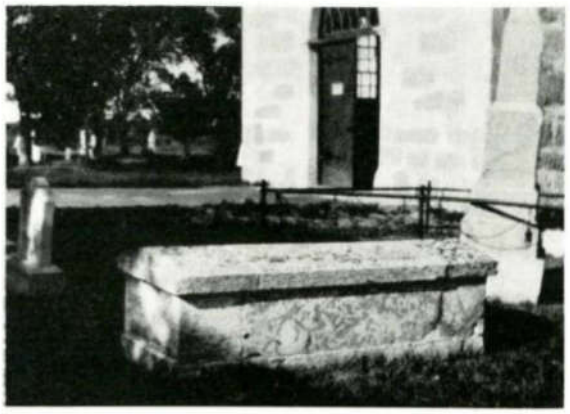
By 10 July 1845 Cockran was looking forward to retirement to Canada, where he hoped to find "Christianity and civilization"—if the Society will send the necessary replacement for the Red River Settlement, for he will not leave until the new missionary arrives. "Sir George Simpson has kindly promised to furnish myself and family with passage to Canada in the summer of '46. This would enable me to avail myself of the Governor's kindness which would be a saving of expense to the Society." He had written the previous December (27th) to say that the Upper Church had been "very imperfectly served since the month of October. Mr. Macallum's health failed in the middle of August and he had only been able to perform duty a few times." The Upper Church had had to be closed until it was possible for the previous Cockran-Smithurst arrangement of services to be resumed. A letter, dated 4 August 1845 informs the Society that "a political storm has been gathering in our horizon during the past year, which has created a good deal of discord among our flock." He hopes "the Hudson's Bay Company will succeed in getting us a garrison of British Soldiers to keep . . . aspiring spirits in subjection." His last letter in this period was written on 12 August 1846. "I had the pleasure of seeing Sir George Simpson last evening, and he has promised me a passage to Sault Ste. Marie by a canoe, which leaves Red River on the 15th inst."

The Cockran family spent about eight months in Toronto; his health improved, but Eastern Canada did not suit the rest of them, and at the Red River John Macallum's condition was such that he could no longer serve the Upper Church at all. On 2 June 1847 Cockran wrote the Church Missionary Society "We are all hurry and bustle making preparations for a long voyage towards the west . . . Duncan Finlayson, Esq. of Lachine, who was formerly Governor of the Settlement for five years, wrote me a pressing letter dated the 22nd of May which came to hand yesterday, to return to my station without delay; and a passage should be furnished me through Sault Ste. Marie." On August 5th he wrote from Red River that he had arrived back on July 31st, and gave a forceful report to the Society on conditions there, as he had found them. The following year (1848) on July 27th, he wrote more of his appointment: "Having met with Sir George Simpson en route [from Toronto] he kindly offered to recommend me to the Committee of the HHB Co. as their Chaplain, which recommendation was successful in obtaining for me the salary of the Chaplain"—Simpson had advised the Committee on July first of Cockran's probable return, had added that his connection with the C.M.S. was dissolved and formally recommended his re-appointment. On September 4th the London Committee approved Cockran's re-instatement—and so Cockran was able to write in the letter already quoted "This has been sufficient to support me and my family, and has afforded me the gratification of declining the allowance which the Committee of the C.M.S. kindly granted me unsolicited". The Society was then short in funds, and Cockran always disliked putting it to avoidable expense.

The Upper Church had no parsonage, so Cockran built a house on land close by which he had acquired some years previously. This became known as "St. Cross"—a name now preserved in that of a street which separates St John's Cathedral churchyard from St John's Park in Winnipeg, and the one link (indirect and unrecognized) between this pioneer churchman and the church he served with unselfish devotion for a quarter of a century. After another year's residence (1 August 1849) he wrote at length of the disadvantages of being a Hudson's Bay Company's Chaplain, claiming this position ranked among the Company's officers as being on the level of that of a clerk, socially and financially. However, he had held on to the post because he felt it prudent to do so "till we get a Bishop to establish our rights and protect them." By this time, word had come through of the appointment and consecration of Bishop David Anderson for the newly formed Diocese of Rupert's Land, and in this Cockran rejoices: "We shall be able to get our Churches consecrated, this will prevent other bodies getting up a claim to them. The Hudson's Bay Company being sovereign of Rupert's Land they are according to the Laws of England!!! head of our Church, Governor Simpson in the absence of a spiritual head, is our bishop."

Bishop David Anderson made a good impression in the Settlement by his kindly nature, likeable personality, readiness to listen to others and take the advice of those more experienced in the country than himself. On 1 August 1850 Cockran wrote to the Society of what the

St. Andrew's or Lower Church, also called the Rapids Church, photographed in 1858 by Hime, and Archdeacon Cockran's grave in the now tree-shaded cemetery.



Bishop had accomplished since arriving there. It is obvious that the old warrior feels that he has been relieved of "the care of all the churches", and now sees no necessity or justification for the Company continuing him in the chaplaincy; he reminds the Secretary that the C.M.S. granted him a retiring allowance back in 1847 which he now feels he is entitled to draw, and would like to now as he is in "embarrassed" circumstances owing to certain unexpected losses he had not foreseen.

In the spring of 1850 he travelled as far as Beaver Creek in search of a suitable place for a new mission station, but could not locate one anywhere west of Portage la Prairie. In March 1851 Cockran received a letter from the C.M.S. suggesting he might take over either the Manitoba House or the Swan River mission station, but he already had his eyes on Portage la Prairie. Writing to the Society on August 6th he goes into all this, enclosing copies of letters he had sent to Bishop Anderson on June 14th in which he "records the opposition of Governor Simpson at the extension of the work of the Church and protests strongly at his attitude" and on June 21st, in which he says "After having fully made up my mind upon a central, beautiful and advantageous spot", situated in a loop of the Assiniboine river (a defence against fire and cattle) he had done some amateur surveying, marking out this lot, some for John Anderson and family, and those necessary for a prospective Indian village, adding "the work is to be carried on silently until we have ascertained that a settlement is likely to take root there, then a formal application is to be made to your lordship for a missionary to strengthen the cause of Christianity and civilization in that quarter."

In the summer of 1851 John Smithurst returned to England; the natives in the Indian Settlement (where he had been since 1839) are said to have been "disturbed", possibly they were involved in the dispute about "free trade", then beginning to agitate the colony, and felt him to be unsympathetic. William Cockran was asked to take over there and moved down to the Indian Settlement. He sold St Cross house to the Bishop, who established it as Mrs Mills' school for girls. Cockran remained at the Indian Settlement until the end of September 1853, by which time the walls of the new St Peter's church were about completed, when he was asked by the Bishop, as a matter of urgency, to take charge of St. Andrew's, and to St Andrew's Cockran returned in October. On 27 December 1853 he was appointed and admitted as first Archdeacon in the diocese of Rupert's Land, with supervision of the "District of Assiniboia". (At the same time James Hunter of The Pas was appointed Archdeacon of Cumberland.) The new Archdeacon was a busy man for the next three years for first, he had to stay at St Andrew's for a second year whilst Archdeacon Hunter took his furlough, and then go back to St Peter's as locum tenens for Abraham Cowley when he took his in 1855-56.

William Cockran was never in any sense a "parochially-minded" man. He had hardly been back in the Indian Settlement a year before he started a new mission at the mouth of the Brokenhead River (now Scanterbury), and he consistently maintained an inconspicuous interest in the Portage plains, where younger men from St Andrew's and Middlechurch were beginning settlement. He is much annoyed (letter of 30 January 1855) that no one has been appointed to go there in spite of his urgings, but "both the Major [Caldwell] and the Bishop shrink from the frowning influence of the Governor of Rupert's Land [Simpson], and cannot be induced to take that independent stand which would immediately relieve them [presumably the Major and the Bishop] from all embarrassment . . .". Six months later (4 August 1855) he notes in

his letter to the Society "Sir George Simpson has now given his consent to the continuance of the Settlement at Portage la Prairie". Earlier that year Cockran himself had been at Portage la Prairie for a time, where he found everything going so well that he was able to organize the commencement of the first St Mary's church there. In 1857 he removed permanently to Portage la Prairie himself where, in 1859, he was joined by his son, the Reverend Thomas Cochrane (the spelling in each case is their own), better known at Red River as "Mr Thomas" and regarded as an admirable schoolmaster. Together they founded two other churches, of which St Ann's, Poplar Point, survives as their memorial—St Mary's at Portage la Prairie has long been replaced, and that at High Bluff moved elsewhere.

Cockran's official connection with the Hudson's Bay Company ended in April 1851 when his resignation as Chaplain was accepted by the London Committee; after the ban on settlement at Portage la Prairie was removed in 1855, criticism of the Company disappears from his letters. The rosy view of life in this settlement on the Plains, which he had after his visit there in 1855, "No feud, no strife, no contention has vibrated there, they live and exercise a brotherly love one towards another, and are ready to assist in any plans for the public good", possibly paled with time. In 1858 (November 25th) he complained about American fur traders who "were circulating an unlimited supply of alcohol; [they] are decidedly worse than any of our own that I have ever met with". In March 1865 in one of his last letters to the C.M.S. he writes at length about the Sioux, who have arrived at Portage in considerable numbers, with a consequent departure of their own native Saulteaux. He would like to do more for these invaders, but public opinion is rather against them, however, he says "The Sioux are brave people and still loyal to the English . . . I saw a band of 30 warriors unfurl the union jack which their forefathers fought under in 1813". The next letter contains a despondent account of the illness of his son, Thomas, who in 1864 had gone to St Paul, Minnesota, in hope of medical relief, but had not found it. His own health is "perfectly broken", so he and Mrs Cockran are going to Toronto again in June.

The last letter in Cockran's C.M.S. file was written from "The London Hotel, 126 York Street, Toronto" on 3 August 1865. Things have improved, his son is now under adequate care and treatment and "I have recovered my original self, my zeal again burns, and all my former sympathies for the human family are acquiring new life." A visit to Bishop John Strachan, then over ninety, but still in "tolerable good health" has apparently encouraged him to think he still had time to do useful work at Portage la Prairie, and he is about to leave Toronto.

Arriving at Portage, the Archdeacon found his son-in-law, Henry George, in charge, and having no desire to disturb his work moved on to Westbourne. Here late in September, tempted by a deceptively bright and warm autumn day to bathe in the Whitemud river, he took a severe chill from which he never recovered. Abraham Cowley, then at St Peter's says in his diary (7 October 1865) that in the early part of the week there was a rumour that the Archdeacon had died, which was confirmed by a note he received from Mr George on October 4th, asking him to go to St Andrew's and choose the site for interment. "I went the same afternoon, and, by moonlight, fixed upon a spot where the grave of the Venerable departed would for ever be before the settler going up to the house of God, that by it, he being dead, may yet speak to young and old."

His simple monument, now cracked and worn with age, still confronts all who pass to the doorway of old St Andrew's Church on the Red River. Twelve years before, in the summer heat of an August day, as he was struggling to build St Peter's Church further down the river, Cockran wrote to the Church Missionary Society "I have done many things for the benefit of the present age, but St Andrew's and St Peter's will remain as monuments of Christian benevolence to future generations, and I hope that those who come after us will be stirred up to effect the right things, and then shall we see the might of barbarism, vice and misery pass away and the day of civilization and Christianity dawn upon the inhabitants of Rupert's Land." ◆

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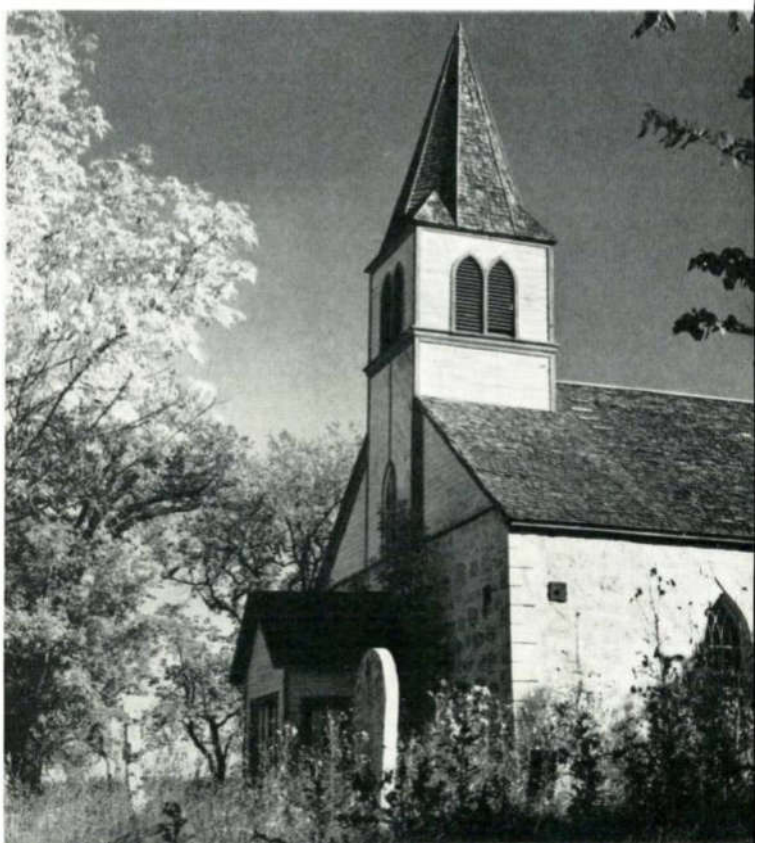


St Peter's, the Indian Church, as it is now with the belfry that was added in 1903.

Muskeg country — in spring E.O.H.

. . . in winter W.R.

. . . in summer, with water arum E.O.H.

BIRDS OF THE MUSKEGS

BY E. OTTO HOHN

Associate Professor of Physiology at the University of Alberta.

Photographs by the late Professor W. Rowan and the author unless otherwise credited.

Round-leafed orchid W.R.

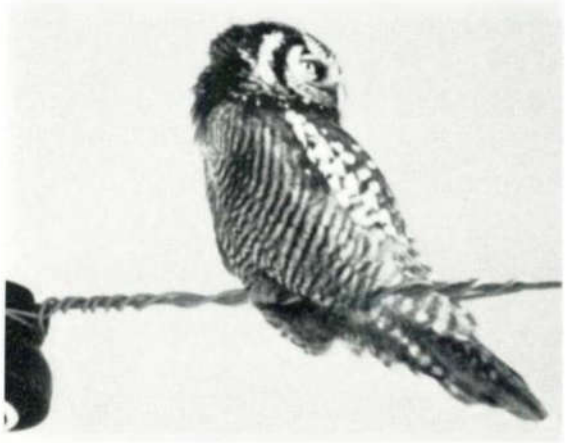
Twin flower W.R.

Labrador tea W.R.

A SIZABLE PROPORTION of the boreal forest of this country is taken up by the bogs known as muskegs. The word muskeg comes from one of the Algonkian Indian languages, some authorities say from Ojibway, others from the Cree. Its literal meaning is said to be "grassy bog". However, as we use the term the fact that the bog is surrounded by forest is more characteristic than its grassiness. In fact, mosses, often forming a floating carpet in which one's feet sink down a few inches, and a scattering of tamaracks (larch) are more characteristic of muskeg than grasses.

Muskegs add a great many species of birds to the otherwise scanty list of those found in coniferous forests. Moreover, three kinds of shore birds and one gull breed only in this habitat.

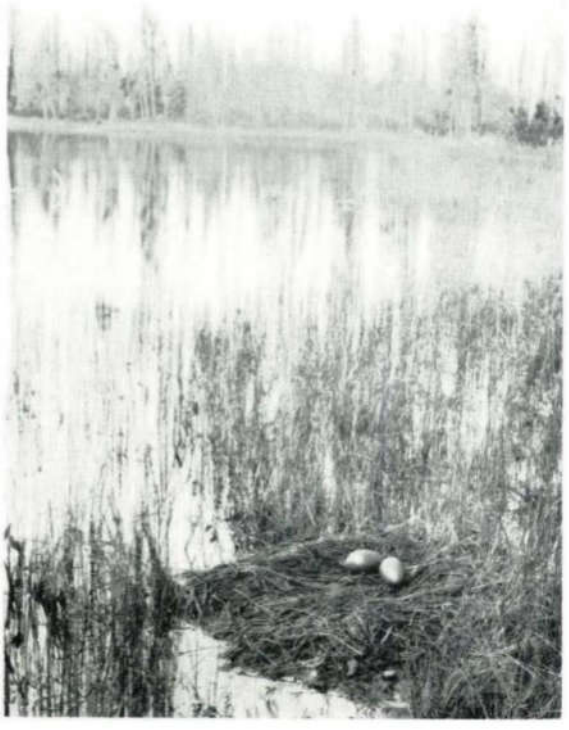
Great grey owl E.O.H.



Hawk owl, looking over its back E.O.H.

Right: nest of common loon W.H.

As one might expect in the case of a boreal habitat, few birds are found there in winter. I have tramped about in muskeg country at this season in the course of deer-hunting and found it almost lifeless. Occasionally, a party of the brown-capped boreal chickadees or a group of Canada jays might appear. Either of two kinds of three-toed woodpecker, the arctic or the black-backed, may be seen, and spruce grouse are almost sure to be flushed sooner or later in the course of a walk of any extent. I recall a late November afternoon when after hours of tramping the snow through the spruce forest and across open patches formed by muskeg or frozen lakes, we suddenly noticed a great grey owl staring down at us from high up on a bare poplar. Though we did not see one on that occasion, the hawk owl is a rather more frequent inhabitant of muskegs and the surrounding forests. This owl is surprisingly unconcerned at the approach of an observer. Rather than watch him, it is likely to be scanning the ground about thirty yards around its perch, turning its head about to take in all directions in succession. When it spots its prey, most commonly a vole, it drops down, at first almost vertically, then straightens out flying with what are for an owl unusually rapid wing beats, and then swoops down on its prey with extended talons.



Ridge of "high" ground in an Alberta muskeg is typical breeding habitat of the greater yellowlegs.

Greater yellowlegs on nest.

W.R.

W.R.

Nest and eggs of greater yellowlegs W.R.

In the spring and summer the scene is, of course, much more lively. The melodious song of the common loon is likely to be heard, for lakes in muskeg country are one of the favourite breeding habitats of this bird. Tree-nesting ducks, the goldeneye and the bufflehead, regularly nest near the lakes and another duck, the ring-necked, though not a tree-nester, breeds on the muskeg lakes far more commonly than on those in more open country.

The real highlights of muskegs, however, for the bird-watcher are certain shore birds. Notable among these is the greater yellowlegs. In May the male's song, a whistling "tweda-tweda-tweda," is often heard as the bird circles about high overhead. The nests of these birds are difficult to find; the birds, being waders, feed in marshy areas and in the nesting season often show anxiety when one wanders about in these. The nests, however, are not on the bogs but on dry, sandy, jackpine crowned ridges which run through the muskegs, particularly in burnt over areas on such ridges.

Another shore bird restricted to muskegs for the nesting season is the somewhat smaller solitary sandpiper. The nest of this bird was not found until 1903 when a set of eggs of this sandpiper were found in an old robin's nest in a tamarack in a Canadian muskeg. Once it was realized that this bird utilizes the old nests of other tree-nesting species, a number of nests have been found, most often in old nests of the rusty blackbird, itself a characteristic muskeg bird. The solitary sandpiper is very similar to the Old World green sandpiper, indeed their calls are to

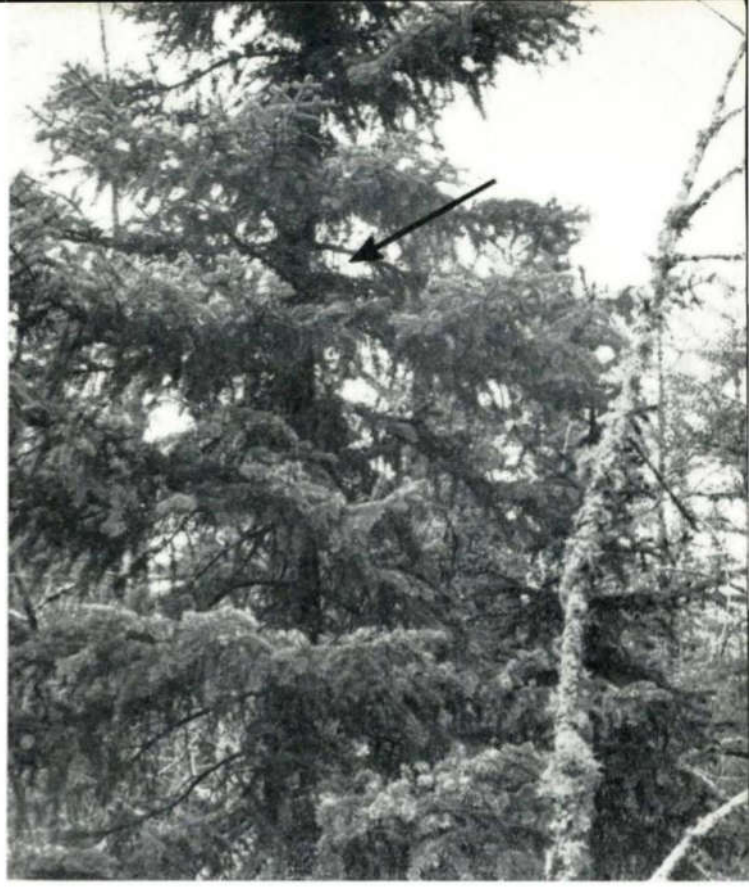
my mind indistinguishable. Interestingly enough, the green sandpiper, too, nests in the old nests of other birds.

The third shore bird characteristic of the muskeg is the beautiful short-billed dowitcher, a bird resembling a large, white-rumped snipe, which in its breeding plumage has rich, reddish-brown coloured underparts. This wader, too, has for a shore bird, quite a melodious song which is uttered in flight. To my ear, it sounds something like "gurr, dwee, dwee, dwee". The nests of this species are found in fairly wet situations, always on the ground. One race of these dowitchers nests in the muskeg from east-central British Columbia eastwards across the forested portions of all three Prairie Provinces. Two other races breed in somewhat similar country, but farther north. The first nests of the southern race were found by the Alberta egg collector, the late A. D. Henderson, in whose honour this particular subspecies of the short-billed dowitcher has been named.

Where a muskeg is truly grassy, another shore bird, elegantly coloured Wilson's phalarope is often found breeding in the vicinity of lakes or ponds. Unlike the other shore birds named above, the phalarope is, however, not confined to muskegs in the breeding season for it utilizes the vicinity of sloughs or the aspen parkland and the prairie country just as freely.

The largest of the typical muskeg birds is the sandhill crane, one geographical race of which breeds on the muskegs of British Columbia and the Prairie Provinces. It is larger than the sandhill crane of the Arctic tundras, but not as large as the type which breeds farther south in some of the western states. The subspecies of the western Canadian forests of this crane, has recently been named after the late W. Rowan, formerly Professor of Zoology at the University of Alberta.

The only known present-day breeding ground of the larger whooping crane, in Wood Buffalo Park, is also in typical muskeg country. I have not had the good fortune to see one of these rare birds as yet, but I have been flown over the Wood Buffalo Park nesting grounds and thus can vouch for the fact that their breeding habitat



E.O.H.

W.R.

Male ring-necked duck

JACK DERMID, NORTH CAROLINA WILDLIFE RESOURCES COMMISSION

E.O.H.

Solitary sandpiper and, top, the nest of a solitary sandpiper high in a tree, close to the trunk. This bird often uses the nest of a rusty blackbird (left).

W.R.

there is typical muskeg. The original nesting ground of the whooping crane was, however, mainly south of the boreal forest in the aspen parkland and in the open prairie.

Another bird characteristic of muskegs is Bonaparte's gull. This is a fairly small gull, with a black head in the breeding season, which builds nests of small sticks in trees. It is the only gull that is regularly a tree-nester though I have seen nests of mew gulls in small spruce in the Mackenzie Delta. In other areas, the mew gull, however, nests on the ground as is the habit of all the other gulls. ◆

W.R.

An adult dowitcher silhouetted in a tree, a dowitcher nest, and downy young.

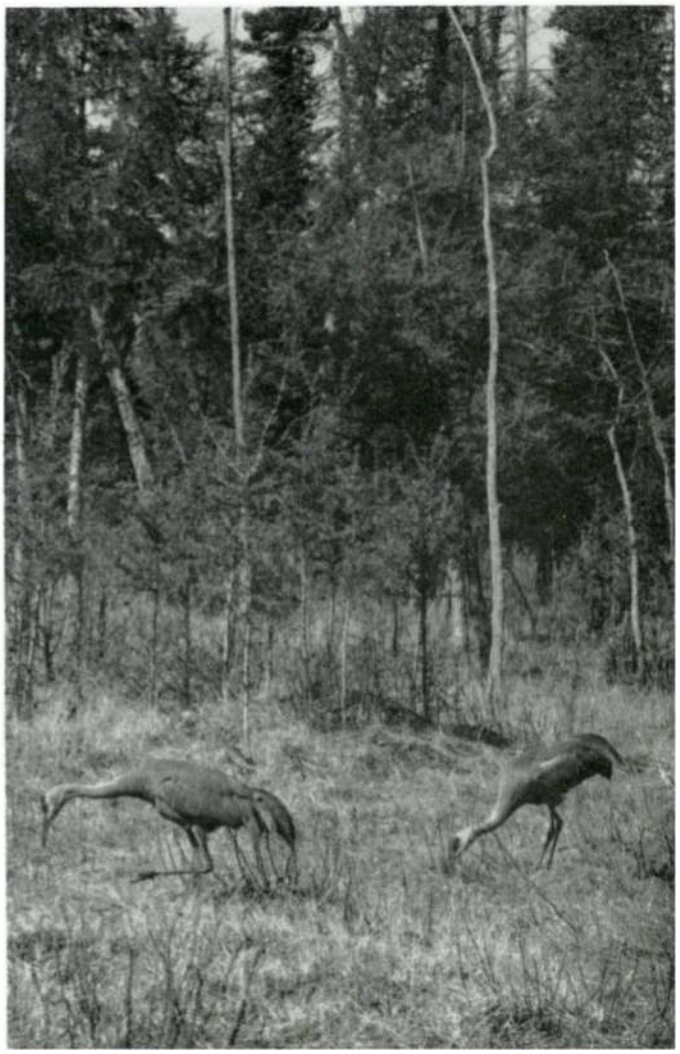
W.R.

A downy young sandhill crane, a nest with two eggs, and a pair of sandhill cranes on their breeding ground near Fawcett, Alberta.

W.R.

E.O.H.

L. H. WALKINSHAW FROM "THE SANDHILL CRANES" WITH PERMISSION.



NORTHERN BOOKS

THE JOURNALS OF CAPTAIN JAMES COOK. Vol. III: The Voyages of the "Resolution" and "Discovery", 1776-80.

Edited by J. C. Beaglehole. Cambridge University Press, for the Hakluyt Society, 1967. In two parts: ccxxiv, 1-720; and vii, 721-1649 pages, illus., maps, bibliography. £15-15-0.

(The Hakluyt Society was established in 1846 with the object of publishing original and rare narratives of notable voyages and travels. Details on membership and the publications of the Society can be obtained from the Hon. Secretary, Hakluyt Society, c o British Museum, London W.C.1., England.)

Reviewed by L. H. Neatby

This, the final volume of its series, deals with Cook's last expedition. In the journals we trace Cook's voyage in the *Resolution*, accompanied by Captain Clerke in the *Discovery*, to the Pacific by way of Capetown, Tasmania, New Zealand and Tahiti; the discovery of the Sandwich (Hawaiian) Islands, the visit to Nootka, the failure to enter the Northwest Passage by way of Bering Strait, the charting of both sides of the strait, and Cook's violent death at the Sandwich Islands. Records other than Cook's describe how Clerke, though dying of consumption, made a second attempt on the Passage, and the return of the expedition under command of the tough old veteran, John Gore.

Volume III is divided into two Parts, separately bound. Part I contains Cook's journals, supplemented for the period after his death by extracts from the diaries of Captain Clerke, Lieutenant King (promoted captain after Clerke's death) and other officers of the expedition. Part II is made up of Appendices, including the journals of Anderson and Samwell, surgeons on the *Resolution*.

Dr Beaglehole has erected a monument to his hero with a zeal and industry worthy of Cook himself. His page-by-page foot-notes, the fruit of much painstaking research, enrich the text and dispel the monotony to which a daily record over a long period is sometimes liable. His Introduction (which would make an excellent paperback in its own right) gives a survey of earlier attempts on the Northwest Passage, some lively pen-portraits of the expedition's officers, and a synopsis of the voyage itself. The sketch maps which are inserted throughout fully answer the requirements of the text.

Apart from Dr Beaglehole's amazing industry and vitality, this publication derives a peculiar excellence from the Plates, of which there are seventy-eight (majestic drawings by John Webber, R.A., a member of the expedition, and exquisite bird pictures by assistant-surgeon Ellis), and the journals of Cook's officers. The latter were a diverse and by no means undistinguished group. There was Burney, a junior member of the circle of Samuel Johnson, and a future Arctic historian. There was King, who had studied science at Paris, corresponded with Edmund Burke, and who wrote a fine tribute to the memory of his murdered captain. There was the controversial Bligh, and the surgeon-naturalist Anderson who, like Clerke, gave all that he had to his task, though he knew that he would not live to see the end of the voyage. These men had broader education and range of interests than is possible today: they observed keenly and wrote well. Anderson's studies of native peoples are remarkable for their understanding, objectivity, and complete freedom from superiority of tone. He was a very civilized person. His junior, David Samwell, was philanderer and humorist, as well as man of science. To him we owe an early instance of the "ideological clash". Russian traders objected to the sexual activities of British seamen at Unalaska on the original ground that the native women with whom they consorted were "not Christian".

In view of the modern slanderous dramatization of the naval officer of that period in the person of Bligh, it is worth noting that four marines, convicted of theft, drunkenness and a consequent neglect of duty which imperilled the lives of shipmates, were sentenced by Clerke to a modest dozen lashes apiece. When Cook exceeded this allowance, it was for good reason—no humanitarian will quarrel with him for awarding two dozen to a seaman who had defied his orders by consorting with native women while infected with venereal disease. We have a glimpse or two of Bligh himself on this cruise, competent but ill-bred, and resentful of good breeding in others. His mutterings against his genteel superior, Lieutenant King, foreshadow what was to happen when Bligh had one of that type *under* his orders. "Of undoubted capacity and good-will," says Dr Beaglehole of Bligh, "and a first-rate sailor, but hasty and violent both in speech and manner, vain and too self-confident and self-righteous to deal successfully with opposition, or with difficult human problems".

Seldom, one supposes, has a work of such painstaking scholarship been so supremely readable. It is too bulky for the general reader of today, but it is a quarry from which half-a-dozen paperbacks might be mined, to win for their author not only the applause of the learned, but wide popular acclaim.

After many years as head of the Classics Department at Acadia University, Dr Neatby has now returned to Saskatchewan. He is the author of three books on arctic explorers.

REFERENCE ENCYCLOPEDIA OF THE AMERICAN INDIAN

By Bernard Klein and Daniel Icolari. Klein & Co., New York, 1967. 536 pages. $15.

Reviewed by Douglas Leechman

This compilation is remarkable on two counts. First for the information it includes, and secondly for the items it omits.

On page 151 we find the beginning of a list of "various institutions of higher learning which offer courses on the American Indian". Among the omissions are the University of California, as well as Yale, Princeton, and Columbia, where, apparently, no such courses are offered. However, Chico State College in California and the Ball State University in Indiana are included.

No less than thirty-two pages are devoted to a "Subject Bibliography" which lists many publications having to do with the North American Indian, but by title only. Unfortunately author and publisher are not given in this list so that, for example, under the heading Alaska, we find "Exploration of Alaska", presumably a book, but who wrote it, who published it, and when, or where, we are not told.

"Who's Who" takes up very nearly two hundred pages and purports to list, among others, "non-Indians active in Indian affairs . . . anthropology, etc.". Omitted are the following prominent anthropologists, all very much "interested in Indian affairs": Griffin, Jenness, F. Roberts, Brew, Montague, C. Osgood, Lounsbury, Champ, W. D. Strong, Mead,

Garfield, and many others. Included are dozens of less known people with long lists of their contributions to juvenile magazines.

Canada is seldom mentioned. It is not found in "Museums", neither the National Museum of Canada nor The Royal Ontario Museum being included. *The Beaver* is listed among publications and a few Canadian films as "Visual Aids". It is difficult to avoid the impression that this work was compiled from lists already available, but by people not familiar with the subject matter.

Dr Leechman is author of, among other books, "Native Tribes of Canada".

CANADA'S NORTH

By R. A. J. Phillips. Macmillan of Canada, Toronto, 1967. 306 pages, illus. $7.95.

Reviewed by A. Copland

This is a book one would expect from the pen of such a gifted writer. It is a compendium of northern knowledge so overpowering in its range as to be difficult for the average reader to retain. Those seeking light entertaining reading will not find it here, but for the serious person, or student of northern history, the seven page index will assist quick reference. Nowhere else, to this reviewer's knowledge, is there such a wide-ranging, comprehensive work on Canada's north, and this is an extremely well written presentation. A task of such proportions that might be outside the capability of a writer without access to a wealth of reference material, or an intense interest in the north. These Mr Phillips had, being for many years Chief of the Arctic Division and Director of Northern Administration in the then Department of Northern Affairs.

This book cannot be adequately reviewed in so many hundred words, so only those parts which seem to require it, within the purview of this reviewer, will be commented upon.

Some personalities whose names have a place in northern developments are missing, and there is a place for them in the book. The late Ralph Parsons, for example, who planned and developed most of the communities in the Eastern Arctic, possibly the most competent individual the Canadian Arctic has yet produced, is not mentioned. One also misses any reference to the colourful veteran Colonel J. Cornwall, "Peace River Jim", who many years ago had a vision of the north as it is today.

In dismissing the whalers as being "frankly commercial", the author overlooks the scientific and practical contributions of the great whaling masters, whose then unequalled knowledge of ice and weather was so valuable in many ways, especially to the professional explorers and the scientists who ventured north with them.

There is a tendency to soft-pedal the accomplishments of the traders and place more emphasis on government sponsored projects, which is natural for a public servant. The RCMP *St Roch* receives due credit for being the first vessel to run the North West Passage from west to east (1940-2) but there is no mention that in 1937 the H B C vessel *Aklavik* carried out the planned commercial use of the Passage through Bellot Strait, from the west, a route used for three seasons. Nor to the 1928 coverage of the North West Passage by the fur trade supply schooner *Fort James* from Newfoundland to King William Island and her return to the Atlantic in 1930.

The word picture of the Hudson's Bay Company Governor addressing the "bewildered citizens of the Eastern Arctic" in honeyed words, in English, is a trifle overdrawn. Though the quotation of the speech (p. 78) is from the published account of the 1934 visit, when I listened at Port Burwell to the Governor's words, and noted how well they survived translation into idiomatic Eskimo, they simply said: "our men know you and you have shown that you trust them, long may this relationship continue." This it did, until the devastation of war and a post-war wave of intruders, which a hopelessly unprepared government administration struggled to cope with, brought it almost to an end.

Other quotations appear from sources to which the author should have given more careful appraisal, particularly concerning the Western Arctic. Much is also made of the movement of Eskimo groups, which had careful government consideration and approval, and the enthusiastic support of the Eskimos concerned, and which immediately improved their lot as hunters. These migrations have been related to events which happened much later, which are completely unrelated, and which might have been avoided if one takes the view that they would not have happened had the Eskimo been left in his over-hunted home territory.

A remark out of context can be very misleading. Bishop Fleming's first impression on landing at Lake Harbour in 1909 that the people looked wild, dirty pagans is used with the implication that this was his opinion of Eskimos and gives no indication of the affection and respect he gained for them during decades of service in the Arctic.

The error on page 77, where the statement is made that until the building of the *Nascopie* in 1912 (actually the year she went into operation, having been built in 1911) the Hudson's Bay Company used government ships for supply will bring quick rebuttal from those who travelled in S.S. *Discovery*, and veterans L. A. Learmonth and James Cantley who crossed the Atlantic in the *Pelican* so many years ago. Company ships had supplied the Labrador coast and Hudson Strait for many decades.

From Chapter 10 onward, the author deals with the period of great change, of which he was one of the principal architects. Medical statistics are quoted to prove the existence of a health condition amongst the Eskimo which threatened the existence of the race. Those who lived in the Arctic before the great changes will take exception to statements about poverty and disease having existed in the connotation generally given these words, when they recall the vigorous health of the primitive Eskimo. One is left with the impression that the cure was worse than the conditions it set out to eradicate.

These things, however, do little to detract from the worth of *Canada's North*. The selection and reproduction of the fine illustrations are worthy of comment but the excellent coloured maps deserve better treatment than to be bound in between pages.

Mr Copland served with the Hudson's Bay Company in the Arctic for some eighteen years. During the war he entered the RCAF as an arctic specialist. He is the author of the children's book "Ookpik".

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SURVEYORS OF CANADA
1867-1967

By Courtney C. J. Bond, D.L.S. The Canadian Institute of Surveying. 157 McLeod Street, Ottawa 4. 1966. 146 pages, Glossary, Index and Maps. 227 photographs. $5 softbound. $7 hardbound.

Reviewed by R. M. Patterson

In 1919 a governmental committee on map-making arrived at the conclusion that, owing to the vast extent and the undeveloped condition of the land, nothing like the detailed map coverage that had been completed in Britain by the Ordnance Survey could ever be achieved in Canada. It was estimated that such a survey would cost $180 billion and would take 3,600 years. I have before me a British Ordnance Survey map of a bit of rural Scotland to a scale of 25.344 inches to the mile—a map showing every ditch and almost every tree—and it will indeed be some time before we achieve that degree of detail. But, owing to the advent of the aeroplane and the outboard motor, the helicopter and the snowmobile, and owing also to the introduction and development of new survey instruments and techniques, many of them the products of wartime inventiveness, that pessimistic estimate of 3,600 years can confidently be lowered. The whole of Canada, from the U.S. Boundary into Ellesmere Island, is now covered by a network of triangulation, and while the coverage is nothing like so detailed as that in Britain, modern methods have mapped the wilderness and made possible more detailed surveys wherever they may be considered necessary.

Surveyors of Canada is the record of the men who accomplished this, and the record also of the tools they used. The many photographs, well reproduced and well placed with relation to the text, show the hardships and hazards that have been faced by the men on survey and the means employed to overcome them, together with pictures of ships and groups and, lastly, of the instruments. The book is also a record of who went where and when—and since these survey trips include the Alaska-B.C. Boundary and the Alberta-B.C. Boundary, to name only two of the most dangerous, the surprising thing is that so few lives have been lost in bringing about so vast an achievement. Owing to the many pages of photographs and the generous layout and large print, considerations of space have made it impossible to include much of the personal element. That is largely left to the imagination, or to the reading of individual survey reports by men like G. M. Dawson and R. G. McConnell, A. R. C. Selwyn, and Joseph Keele. Still—if one may lodge a minor complaint—it is a matter for regret that one more chapter could not have been added: a non-technical assortment of "plain tales from the hills".

The ten chapters of this well produced book carry the reader through the various branches of surveying: Geological, Topographical, Military and Geodetic, and Canadian Hydrographic—right on to the surveys for the great railroads. The photographs carry one through the old-time surveying by wagon, packhorse, and canoe, and on into the new, where much of the former work is cut by the use of the tellurometer (a South African distance-measuring instrument), the air photo and photogrammetric plotting instruments—to mention only a few of the wonders that have made possible the mapping of this vast country in so short a time. *Surveyors of Canada* is not too technical for the average layman, and definitely has its place in any shelf of Canadiana.

Mr Patterson has reason to value the work of surveyors having made many trips through little-known country since his first sojourn in the Nahanni Valley. His books include "Dangerous River", "Far Pastures", and "Trail to the Interior".

THE OTTAWA VALLEY AND THE FUR TRADERS

This story of early days in the Ottawa Valley, published in The Beaver, Spring 1966, is now available as a 20-page pamphlet, price 75 cents.

Order from

The Beaver, Hudson's Bay House
Winnipeg 1, Manitoba

LIVINGSTONE OF THE ARCTIC

By Dudley Copland. Published by the author, 1967. P.O. Box 1387, Ottawa. 183 pages, illus. maps. $5.95.

Reviewed by Douglas Leechman

This is a most excellent book and, if you are at all interested in the Arctic, I urge you to add it to your library. Dudley Copland, the author, starts out with a very considerable advantage, which is that he does know what he is talking about. He knows the North and he knew Livingstone, knew them both well, loved the first and greatly admired the second.

Livingstone was, first and foremost, a physician and surgeon; secondly, he was a fighting man, always ready to engage an enemy, and seldom at a loss for a foe. It might be the weather, it might be an epidemic, it might be (and often was) a misguided missionary or an obtuse official. He fought them all, and licked most of them too, except, sometimes, the officials.

Like most biographies, this has highlights and quieter stretches. The account of an operation on a frightened small boy for appendicitis, performed in a snow house lit by a seal blubber lamp, is one of the highlights. Two untrained Eskimo women "scrubbed" with him, and it was his dextrous sewing of the incision after it was all over that won their admiration.

Copland glances back into history to remind us that the first settlement of modern Europeans (apart from Norsemen) in what is now Canada was in 1577 when Martin Frobisher with fifteen ships and four hundred and forty men founded a settlement, short-lived it is true, on Countess of Warwick Sound in Baffin Island. Among these colonists was a surgeon, Dr Robert Hind, the first white man to practice medicine in North America, and that, by chance, was in the very same community where, in 1927, Dr Livingstone also practiced his profession, three hundred and fifty years later.

Leaving the Eastern Arctic, then still in a largely primitive state, in 1938, Livingstone moved to Aklavik near the mouth of the Mackenzie River, where conditions were different indeed. Here he found two hospitals, one for those Eskimos and Indians who proclaimed allegiance to the Pope, and one for those who could not. Livingstone did his best for both. In his spare time, he brought in a cow, as well as some hens to share the comfortable barn he had built for Bossy. She did very well indeed, but the hens found their roost cold and cheerless till Livingstone solved their problem by inducing them to roost on the cow's back. In time his herd grew, a bull was added, and acres of land cleared for raising hay. He spent thousands of dollars of his own money on this project, but when he left Aklavik no competent caretaker was to be found and the embryo farm collapsed.

Livingstone was a dedicated pioneer, and a civil servant in the very best tradition of that often underestimated service. His mark on the North was deep and enduring. When one comes to the last page, it is with a nostalgic look back. Those were great days, and those were great men.

Dr Leechman, author and lexicographer, was anthropologist at the National Museum of Canada.

THE SPARROW'S FALL

By Fred Bodsworth. Doubleday Canada, Toronto, 1967. 255 pages. $4.95.

Reviewed by William O. Pruitt, Jr.

Novels about the northern forest are all too uncommon and, when they do appear, the northern Indians usually are either romanticized or degraded beyond all recognition. Rare indeed is a book such as *The Sparrow's Fall* which is a true literary work of the taiga and not just another travel or adventure yarn basically oriented to the white culture.

This remarkable book is the story of Jacob Atook, an inhabitant of the Hudson Bay Lowland, a man who deserves a place among the heroes of Canadian fiction. Jacob is a player in the Tragedy of the North (a tragedy as real as any in classical literature)—the dichotomy between those people directly dependent on the land versus those people free of such restraints who can obtain their needs from the limitless bounty of the shelves of the local Bay store.

Jacob's culture is finely attuned to the nuances of the rigorous environment in which it evolved. It is a culture which has been brutally repressed by the invading white man, yet it is a strangely tough and resilient culture. It breaks through the invading Judaic-Christian culture which has been plastered over everything in the nation. It breaks through in times of ecological stress for these are the times when the anti-ecological invader is weakest. These are thus the times when a man, in order to survive, has to forget the blandishments of the foreign Manito (who, the Black Robes say, cares about the fall of a single sparrow) and return to the faith of his fathers and be a true hunter. The Black Robes claim that their Manito cares about the sparrow's fall, yet Jacob Atook, with no formal biological training, gropes his way far enough through the intricacies of population mathematics to perceive that the missionaries are so pitifully wrong.

This is the crux of the entire story—Jacob's struggle to reconcile the contradictions between what he intuitively knows is biologically correct and what the missionary has said is religiously correct. The struggle goes on during a bitter winter in a bush camp and author Bodsworth's magnificent descriptions of the land, the forest, the snow and the cold are but the background against which the struggle progresses. Even Niska, Jacob's pregnant young wife, is but a pawn in the deep conceptual struggle between the hard, but living, facts of boreal ecology and the fossilized legends of the Mediterranean religious system brought in by the Black Robes. Jacob never reaches his goal of understanding the "logistic curve" of natural increase in animal numbers but, by means of an array of spruce cones, he comes close enough to the truth to realize that biological facts are paramount and that such facts cannot be ignored, at the cost of life itself. The spruce cones, laid out on the snow to represent individuals in generation after generation of sparrows and caribou, enable Jacob to realize the basic fallacy of a religious system that claims concern with the death of a single sparrow. This realization, which comes to all too few men, frees Jacob from the bonds of the system.

I wish that Jacob's lesson of the spruce cones could be demonstrated to every Canadian, indeed, to everyone in the world. I am sure that many things would thereby be changed, things as diverse as game laws and concepts of social responsibility in family planning. *The Sparrow's Fall* should be in every library in Canada, especially in every high school library. I recommend it highly.

Professor Pruitt is in the Department of Biology at Memorial University of Newfoundland.

THE BIRDS OF CANADA

By W. Earl Godfrey. National Museum of Canada Bulletin 203, Queen's Printer, Ottawa, 1967, 428 pages, illus. $12.50.

This is, of course, the definitive book of birds in Canada. Earl Godfrey, Curator of Ornithology at the National Museum, has laboured long and produced a fine piece of work. The designers and printers of the book seem to have endeavoured to outdo this—or perhaps to create a suitable frame for Mr Godfrey's comprehensive study. The result is one of those massive, luxurious looking books, $8\frac{3}{4}$ by $11\frac{1}{2}$ and not to be held in the hand. For one who is interested in birds and uses a reference work fairly frequently this is not convenient nor particularly desirable. Perhaps the answer is to have two or more volumes of more normal size.

The most recent changes in the names of birds have been used but the index kindly gives also the name that has become familiar and this is included in the descriptive section. One is rather sorry that the Canada Jay became officially some years ago the Gray Jay, and that the name of Richardson is no longer attached to the owl which has become the Boreal Owl.

Things we like about the book: its thoroughness; the breeding distribution maps for species; the colour reproductions of the birds (the majority of which are shown) which are far superior to those generally seen.

Things we do not like: The size and weight; the price; the lack of common names—perhaps folk names would be better—since anyone reading about wavies (a common northern term) would have no clue that they might be snow geese; and the whisky jack of so many Canadian stories is nowhere mentioned, even under its current name of Gray Jay. With the plate identifications the number of the page for the description might well have been added.

Nevertheless, it is a book any bird fancier would like to own.

PATTERNS BASED ON NORTH WEST INDIAN DESIGNS

Adapted by Doris Armstrong. B.C. Indian Arts and Welfare Society. 16 pages. From Mrs Godman, 313 Plaskett Place, Victoria, B.C. 75 cents

Motifs used in decoration by Haida, Tsimshian, Tlingit and other Indian craftsmen have been worked out in blocked patterns suitable for use in modern crafts. A number of crest symbols and borders have been so adapted and they are particularly suitable for knitting, weaving, or embroidery. The distinctive northwest designs can be easily followed in this form and provide engaging patterns for practical application as well as paying tribute to traditional Indian artistry.

A brief foreword gives a slight insight into the Indian use of design.

Some new patterns are included in the current second edition of this pamphlet which will provide craft workers with decorative suggestions of truly Canadian origin. Proceeds from sales go to the Mungo Martin Memorial Fund to provide scholarships for Indian students.

The spruce grouse is common throughout northern forest and muskeg country but because of the tameness of the 'fool hen' it is now scarce near settlements.

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